

FIRESTARTER

Screenplay by
Bill Lancaster

From The Novel By
Stephen King

FIRST DRAFT
MAR. 1, 1982

FADE:

EXT. WATER - DAY

CLOSE ON a WHITE FLOWER bobbing atop the surface of the murky green.

The quiet beginnings of a familiar SONG ease onto the SOUND TRACK.

Passing the flower and then skimming over the green water, a view of the horizon and then PULLING UP, higher, thick columns of ORANGE STEEL.

Still higher. Until finally... a full view of...

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

The song is Gracie Slick and the Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit."

SUPERIMPOSE:

1967

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Verdant. Idyllic. Some charming old buildings. Some newer, less charming additions.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"A Small College, Northern California."

INT. VARIOUS OFFICE CUBICLES - DAY

A succession of college students are being interviewed by five GRADUATE ASSISTANTS and one WOMAN. The six of them range between 28 and 35. WHITE RABBIT continues.

A series of quick cutting CLOSE UPS.

GRAD ASSISTANT #1
Belong to any political parties or
organizations?

BLOND MALE
Sierra Club. Mountain climbing.
I'm into climbing.

CUT...

GRAD ASSISTANT #2
Says here on your application...
both your parents are deceased?

CUT...

SLOTCHY BEARD
I really think he sold out going
electric. He just doesn't know
where he's at.

CUT...

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE
No, I live alone.

CUT...

GIDDY FEMALE
...My favorites were... well, Leave
It To Beaver...
(giggles)
...Had a crush on Eddie, what's it,
Haskell... Ah, Father Knows Best,
the old Lucy reruns... you know,
stuff like that...

CUT...

MOUSTACHE
I'm not like a lot of the others. I
only chant when I really, really
need something.

CUT...

GRAD ASSISTANT #3
Have you ever been arrested?

CUT...

WHITE FEMALE FRIZZY HAIR
I'm majoring in Afro-American Studies...

CUT...

CLEAN CUT MALE
...Oh, Milton, Bacon... Mainly
Shakespeare... Who's funding this
thing, anyway?

WOMAN INTERVIEWER
The National Institute of Health in
conjunction with your school.

CUT...

GRAD ASSISTANT #2
Do you have many friends?

CUT...

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE
...None of these Buddhists have a
sense of humor...

CUT...

SLOTCHY BEARD
Siddhartha. Steppenwolf...

CUT...

GRAD ASSISTANT #1
Ever taken any hallucinogenic drugs?

PONY TAIL MALE
Acid, mescaline, silicybin...

GRAD ASSISTANT #1
How many times?

PONY TAIL MALE
Well... 115, 120 times.

Grad student #1 writes "reject" on Pony Tail's form.

CUT...

GIDDY FEMALE
I don't really know yet what I'm
going to do after graduation...

CUT...

MOUSTACHE
Got an Aunt living in Texas. That's
about all.

CUT...

FEMALE FRIZZY HAIR
You look kind of old to be a Grad
Assistant.

CUT...

GRAD ASSISTANT #4

Do you have any medical problems...?
take any medication...? Birth
control pills...?

CUT...

GRAD ASSISTANT #3

Believe me, it's not street shit,
I assure you.

SLOTCHY BEARD

Pure pharmaceutical? Sandoz maybe?

CUT...

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE

I really don't think that question
is any of your business, Sir.

CUT...

CLEAN CUT

I applied 'cause I need the money.

CUT...

GIDDY FEMALE

(giggling)

'Cause I wanted to get high.

CUT...

WOMAN INTERVIEWER

Have you ever undergone psychiatric
care?

CUT...

BLOND MALE

...Listening to music mostly...

Beatles, Stones, the Cream...

Beatles mainly. Sergeant Pepper...

blew my mind.

INT. ROOM 70 BIOLOGY BUILDING - DAY

CLOSE ON the Attractive Female Student earlier interviewed.
She lies on a bed.

MAN'S VOICE

You'll feel a little sting.

The man slaps her arm and alips an IV catheter into her vein. She grimaces. There is a droplet of blood. He tapes the catheter secure. PULL BACK.

The man is QUINCEY TREMONT, the youngest of the five Grad Students. The Clean Cut young Student from the question and answer session lies on a bed just next to the Girl. A line already in place, an IV bottle hangs above his head.

The large room has gone through a makeshift remodeling. It more resembles a hospital ward than a biology class. Primate skeletons, anatomy chars, embryos in jars are housed in glass display cases.

12 Students are speparated into two groups. Six on each side with a wide corridor between the groups. Each student is one a hospital gurney. A white sheet for cover.

EKG monitors, EEG machines, a portable x-ray, and video equipment and cameras are placed around the room.

DR. RAHV, the attractive woman interviewer, and the one in charge of the proceedings, looks over the group of self-conscious, giddy test subjects. The students watch the preparations of the Graduate Assistants. A sense of apprehension in the air. Rahv addresses them.

DR. RAHV

Half will receive the test chemical and the other half a placebo. Then we'll be running routine tests and asking simple questions.

A student calls out.

STUDENT

Why were the 12 of us picked?

DR. RAHV

(big smile)

Nothing mysterious. You're just a random cross-section of applicants. And besides, you were the brokest of the lot.

(laughter breaking
the ice)

The G.A.'s put up the guard rails on the gurneys; the wheels are locked in place.

G.A. #3 injects a solution into the IV tubing of the Attractive Female Student. The Clean Cut Male Student watches.

DISSOLVE TO:

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE STUDENT AND CLEAN CUT MALE STUDENT

A dreamy smile on his face, the Clean Cut Male Student looks over at his attractive companion. Glassy-eyed, she smiles back. They are both stoned.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

(reacts to something unsaid)

I know. I didn't get the placebo
either.

CLEAN CUT

(pause; he reacts)

Nice to meet you, Miss Tomlinson.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL (MS. TOMLINSON)

(pause; she listens, then
reacts)

Pleasure's mine, Andy.

He squints at her as if she's said more.

CLEAN CUT (ANDY)

Sure, you can call me Andy.

(stoned, confused)

How'd you know my name?

MS. TOMLINSON

You just told me.

ANDY MCGEE

I did?

Andy turns his bemused and mopey features to the rest of the room.

The G.A.'s, their equipment, the other students, all seem to be moving in slow motion. He turns back to Ms. Tomlinson.

ANDY

This is weird shit, Vicky.

A beat. She blushes and giggles as he stares at her.

VICKY TOMLINSON

No, I'm not married.

LATER

The rest of the room is mostly quiet. Equipment is still being wheeled into position. A young man weeps sadly and then breaks into softer tears of joy. A few students sleep. Others look about the room, curious.

DR. RAHV

places a tray of dominoes in front of Vicky on a portable table. G.A. #1 operates a small video camera just behind her.

DR. RAHV

Knock them down.

Vicky, looking very spaced, reaches for the line of dominoes. Dr. Rahv grabs her arm gently.

DR. RAHV

No. Without touching them.

Vicky concentrates. A domino falls, starting the familiar chain reaction. Vicky looks pleased.

DR. RAHV

Good work.

VICKY

Like Southeast Asia.

DR. RAHV

Right.

Dr. Rahv turns to G.A. #1 holding the camera.

DR. RAHV

Did you get that?

He nods an affirmative.

THE SPLOTCHY BEARDED STUDENT

lying in his cot, and reeling from the effects of the drug, spots something.

In the bed directly across from him, the Giddy Girl is sleeping. Her forearm seems to flicker in and out of sight. Translucent, to transparent, to invisible, then back to solid.

THE WHITE FRIZZY HAIREd GIRL

hallucinating wildly as she watches SONNY BARGER ROAR through the aisle, followed by half a dozen HELL'S ANGELS on chopped Harleys. Several are decked out in Nazi regalia.

BARGER

Where's the super acid? Come on, dish it out.

Dr. Rahv walks past him.

BARGER

(continuing)

Come on, bitch. You're the one that's holding.

Rahv continues on. DICK GREGORY, reclining on the Frizzy Haired Girl's bed, blows smoke from a cigarette.

GREGORY

You'll have to leave. This is a controlled experiment.

BARGER

(snarls)

Fuck you, nigger!

Gregory laughs. Frizzy is horrified.

FRIZZY

How dare you call him that?!

G.A.#2 approaches the beer swilling Barger and his gang.

G.A.#2

You really will have to leave.

Barger howls and spits at the G.A. He and his buddies gun their bikes, spin around and rumble off and out of the room.

VICKY TOMLINSON AND ANDY MCGEE

Their eyes locked in an ethereal embrace. Suddenly she is naked. Andy is incredulous.

ANDY

Wow...

VICKY

You could be a little more modest
yourself.

He looks at himself. He, too, is naked. Still in their separate beds, their minds and bodies seem one. Her girlish coquettishness starts to fade as she feels the force of their pull grow too strong, too serious. She groans. Plaintive, afraid:

VICKY

Don't Andy, please. I've never
done it before.

QUINCEY TREMONT, the youngest G.A., passes, stops, sees them fully clothed and in their separate beds -- but the look on their faces.

QUINCEY

Dr. Rahv!

DR. RAHV

in awe as she watches Andy and Vicky staring at each other from their opposite beds. Perspiring, panting, moaning. Alternating from looks of pain to ecstasy.

QUINCEY

What's going on?

RAHV

They're making love.

Their noises and breathing become more intense as their love-making begins to reach its peak.

QUINCEY

Looks better than the real thing.

The SOUND of a REBEL YELL from across the room.

The Blond Male Student from the interview is levitating about two feet above his gurney. Rahv and several other G.A.'s rush to him, as he starts to ascend and move laterally away from them.

DR. RAHV

Get this on film...

BLOND MALE

(Beatle tune)

'I get by with a little help from
my friends... I get high...'

The G.A.'s run and grab the floating Blond Student. He is tied down to his gurney in four point leather restraints.

ANDY AND VICKY

exhausted, watch the mayhem across the room. Some students still sleep.

The Blond Student writhes in the leather straps.

DR. RAHV
10 milligrams of Haldol. Stat!

Quincey runs for the drug.

The gurney with the Blond Student rises off the ground. Rahv and the others stare in amazement. The men with cameras record the event furiously.

The gurney hovers. The men make attempts to grab it. They jump; it is above their reach.

An awkward moment. The gurney begins to fall. The scientists scatter. The gurney crashes into the primate display case, breaking the glass and shattering the skeletons.

Rahv and the others descend upon the Blond Student; medicines are administered.

ANDY

who has gotten out of his gurney, tries to make his way to the Blond Boy. He is met by G.A.#3 and gently steered back to his bed.

ANDY
What happened over there?

G.A.#3
Muscular reaction.

ANDY
He was flying. Guy's a fucking bird.

G.A.#3
It's the drug's hallucinogenic property... visually augments everything.

He helps Andy back into his gurney. Then turns to go.

G.A.#3

(continuing)

Check on you later, tiger.

ANDY

Okay, Ralph. Ralph Baxter.

G.A.#3 stops. A beat. He turns and moves back toward Andy. He sits down on Andy's cot. He smiles. A tinge of fear in Andy's face.

G.A.#3

What'd you say?

ANDY

Say? Forgot.

G.A.#3

(still smiling)

See? With this stuff all kinds of strange things can start happening.

Andy nods. G.A.#3 rises and leaves. Vicky, half asleep, has only partly been watching.

ANDY

Ralph's no Grad Student... He's killed...

VICKY

Four people? What do you mean?

ANDY

Three men. And one woman.

He watches G.A.#3 confer with the others. Vicky is about to doze off.

VICKY

And he raped the woman, after?

ANDY

This is some pretty heavy shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANDY SLEEPILY

watching Vicky's slumbering face. SCREAMING, HOWLING, A MAD CACKLING. Andy turns in the direction of the SOUNDS.

He sees the G.A.'s and Rahv running in slow motion toward a student at the far end of the room. He seems to be clawing his eyes out. Blood gushes. The white coats surround his gurney, obscuring him. A bloody hand rises up and out of the huddle of white jackets, its fingers streaked with gore and shredded tissue.

The hand smashes into a nearby medical chart, leaving behind an imprint of a bloodstained comma.

The chart RATTLES up its roller with a strident SMACKING SOUND.

The boy's gurney is sped away and out of the room. Rahv whirls and bellows at her remaining subordinates.

DR. RAHV

Bring them all down. Now!

The G.A.'s scramble, injecting thick doses of sedative into the IV's.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

Andy props himself up on a cot; he is alert, but slightly groggy. Quincey stands over him. The light is dim.

ANDY

What time is it?

QUINCEY

A little over 48 hours after the injection. The drug should be out of your system by now.

ANDY

Anybody get hurt?

QUINCEY

Hurt?

ANDY

Like hurt themselves...

QUINCEY

One of the guys had a seizure. He lied about his epilepsy.

ANDY

He must have needed the two hundred bucks real bad. Shit, the things I saw...

Andy gets out of the cot.

QUINCEY

Strongest champagne you'll ever have.

ANDY

I saw a guy pull his eyes out...

QUINCEY

You should hear what some of the others saw.

ANDY

Where's Vicky? Vicky Tomlinson.

QUINCEY

(small knowing grin)
She's up and out. Left a couple of hours ago.

ANDY

Oh.

QUINCEY

We've got some follow-up questions, and then I can give you your paycheck.

INT. HALLWAY BIOLOGY BUILDING - DAY

Andy leaves Quincey's office and walks past the incubators and refrigerators which clutter the hall. He looks at his check and is pleased with his payday.

ANOTHER HALL

Andy turns the corner, and in the middle of the hall is G.A.#3 a/k/a Ralph Baxter. He is supervising MEN IN COVERALLS who are moving crates and boxes of files.

Andy continues walking toward the men. Baxter notices him approaching. The men keep working. Andy and Baxter nod to each other as they pass.

Andy notes the room number, #315, and a Bekins box on the floor labeled "L SIX."

EXT. COLLEGE - DAY

It is a radiant day outside the ivy-colored Biology Building; distinctly non-preppy looking students are between classes.

Andy talks to the Blond-haired Boy from the experiment in the passing throng of '60's students.

BLOND MALE

Levitating? I don't remember
levitating.

ANDY

Did you see the kid across from
you all bloodied up?

BLOND MALE

Look, man, I was so stoned I thought
I was seeing the Beatles at Shea
Stadium. They were doin' "Sgt. Pepper"
live, man, and it sounded just like the
record.

EXT. COLLEGE BOOKSTORE - EVENING

Herman Hesse novels are displayed in the window of a bookstore on campus. Andy watches Vicky buy a book at the cash register.

She exits the bookstore and does a double-take when she sees him waiting by the window. She smiles. And blushes.

ANDY

I was worried about you.

VICKY

It took me a while to come off
that stuff.

They cross the street, avoiding political and religious pamphleteers on the college sidewalk.

VICKY

How did you know where to find me?

ANDY

I just knew.

VICKY

I thought maybe you wouldn't remember
me

ANDY

No way.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andy and Vicky drink Almaden Burgundy in his boarding house room. The place is cluttered with paperbacks overflowing from makeshift bookcases.

Posters of Belmondo and D. H. Lawrence survey the scene.

VICKY

(a little high)

Now... did we or didn't we?...

You've got to remember that.

ANDY

I don't know... there's no question
we both got the drug. I'd love to
talk to someone who didn't get it.

VICKY

I don't know any of the others...

ANDY

Ralph Baxter.

VICKY

Who?

ANDY

The guy who killed those people...
I guessed his name. I told you
about him.

VICKY

I don't remember.

ANDY

Well, do you remember us talking
without opening our mouths?

VICKY

We talked... rapped while we were
stoned... like when you get high
with someone.

ANDY

We left that room knowing a lot
about each other.

VICKY

Well, then did we or didn't we?

She has finished her wine and glows seductively.

EXT. BIOLOGY BUILDING - NIGHT

Andy climbs the steps to the building. Except for the sound of the wind blowing leaves against the main entrance, it is QUIET on this starry night.

He tries the door. Locked. He rattles the door in frustration, and turns to descend the short flight of steps. He checks the windows.

The door opens in back of him. An ELDERLY NIGHTMAN in uniform stands in the light of the hall.

NIGHTMAN
Building's closed.

ANDY
I know. Sorry.

The Nightman sizes him up.

NIGHTMAN
What's the problem?

ANDY
I have a biochem lab in there . . .
I left my watch on the sink.

NIGHTMAN
Can't let anybody in till morning.

A stand off. Short beat. MOVE IN on Andy's face.

ANDY
Sure you can. You can just turn
your back.

The Nightman, as if slapped, takes several steps back into the open door. He turns around, his back to Andy.

Andy is totally dumbfounded by the reaction. He takes a couple steps toward the Nightman.

ANDY
I'll just take a quick look and be
out of your way. You won't even
remember I've been here.

Andy steps in the door, past the Nightman.

NIGHTMAN
(docile)
Go on in, look for your watch.

Andy turns and looks at the Nightman's face. He is astonished at what he has done. Suddenly a pain shoots through his head. Andy holds his hands to his forehead.

NIGHTMAN

(continuing)

You okay?

ANDY

Yeah . . .

NIGHTMAN

(absently)

You don't look like the type that
rips off stuff. Building's yours.
I won't even remember . . .

Andy walks down the main hall of the building.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

ROOM 70 stenciled on a large double door. Andy opens it. Looks into the room where the experiment took place. He closes the door behind him.

INT. ROOM 70 - NIGHT

The room is lit by the shuttering moonlight. The gurneys are gone. The Primate Display has been completely restored. Everything in order, ready for tomorrow's lectures.

Andy quickly moves to an anatomy chart. The chart is as big as a portable movie projection screen. Andy grabs the ring-pull handle and unrolls it.

A THICK BLOOD STAIN smears the center of the chart.

Andy tugs on the chart again. It rolls up like a window shade, making a LOUD WHAPPING SOUND.

NIGHTMAN

Find your watch?

The old man wheezes in the doorway.

ANDY

Yeah. Thanks again.

Andy holds up his wrist. Clearly, no watch.

NIGHTMAN

That's a nice one. Don't blame
you for coming back.

EXT. CAMPUS BELL TOWER - NIGHT

A CLINKING SOUND as the moon lights the stone surface.

Metal spiked climbing boots dig into the tower. They are worn by the Blond Boy from the experiment. He hammers a piton into the building.

He hums and sings "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds." He is fast in his work as he ascends the vertical face.

At the top, the young man stares at the moon.

BLOND MALE

Galileo..

He swan dives off the tower. The Blond Boy traveling head first at gravity's immutable 10 meters per second.

His head inches above the ground, he tucks his chin.

AN IMPLOSION as his skull splashes on the concrete.

EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

HELICOPTER SHOT of pastoral farmland dotted with prize specimens of horseflesh. The horses scatter in response to the copter.

In the distance, two graceful antebellum mansions face each other on a grassy lawn. There is a large red barn and a duck pond in view as the copter clears a GUARD TOWER and HIGH FENCE on its approach to the landing pad of the compound. In the helicopter is Dr. Rahv. Ralph Baxter and JOHN MAYO are with her. All were at the experiment acting as G.A.'s.

COMPOUND FENCE

A MAN drives a golf cart around the perimeter. There are large plastic bags in the back of the cart. The bags are full. The Man slows his cart.

A RABBIT

is stuck in the cyclone fence. The creature's hairs stand on end. Near the dead rabbit is a sign:

HIGH VOLTAGE - DANGER - GOVERNMENT PROPERTY - KEEP OUT

GAMESMAN

Damn things never learn to read.

The fence is 15 feet high and in back of it is another fence creating a space of about 10 yards.

Video cameras mounted on sturdy metal poles scan the area.

The Gamesman signals to the GATEKEEPER at the kiosk at the MAIN GATE.

GAMESMAN

Shut it off.

The rabbit drops and is collected into a bag.

At the Main Gate AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN straddles a bicycle. He places his thumb into a slot. The Gatekeeper signals him on.

GATEKEEPER

Morning, Sir. .

The Elderly Gentleman nods, and pedals toward the two Southern mansions.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

"CAP" HOLLISTER, the Elderly Gentleman on the bicycle, leans over a large conference desk. Ever the old war horse, he is decked out in Abercrombie's finest. He cannot control his anger.

CAP

This could be the biggest fuck-up since the Bay of Pigs...

AROUND THE TABLE

Dr. Rahv, Mayo, Baxter. Also, SEVERAL OTHER MEN, including DR. PYNCHOT, a department scientist, and AL STEIN, a department spy.

CAP

You were only authorized to be working on Lots 4 and 5. There were never any animal or volunteer convict studies on Lot 6.

RAHV

There was no time for baboons and convicts.

CAP

Holy Jesus Christ, woman, two college students are dead. And do you have any idea what it'll take to cover up this mess?!

RAHV

(trying to collect herself)

The students were screened for lack of immediate family and friends...

AL STEIN

That's not nearly precaution enough.

RAHV

Admittedly there have been some unfortunate consequences. But you've seen what went on in that room. It's surely worth the deaths of a few people. You do understand.

CAP

You are not to tell me what I do or do not understand. Your behavior has jeopardized the very existence of this department.

RAHV

(firm)

I must point out to you that this has been one of the most important scientific experiments in the past fifty years.

DR. PYNCHOT

(smug)

I'm afraid your experiment is about 10,000 years ahead of its time, Dr. Rahv.

RAHV

(flash of anger)

You're sorry you were not involved, and if you were, you'd be celebrating with me... figuring on how to get more money for further work...

(to Cap)

Think of the intelligence capabilities alone...

CAP

Dr. Rahv, you and Stein will watch
all the subjects involved in the
experiment. Complete surveillance.

STEIN

Gonna cost a fortune.

CAP

The money will be there.

STEIN

And then there are always those who
can't be bought or threatened.

CAP

If it comes to that, you'll know
what to do.

RAHV

We must continue the experiments...

CAP

The Lot Six Project will be terminated.

RAHV

We should be going ahead... trying to
understand what happened in that room
... what went on in those minds.

CAP

Any leak of this will be dealt with
extreme sanction.

Dr. Rahv collects the papers on the desk, puts them in a briefcase.

RAHV

Yes, sir.

INT. ROOM 70 - BIOLOGY BUILDING - MORNING

Andy and Vicky watch students file into the lecture hall.
He leads her by the hand to the Anatomy Chart. He unrolls it.
No blood stain.

VICKY

Maybe you had a flashback.

ANDY

I saw it.

INT. HALLWAY BIOLOGY BUILDING - NIGHT

A janitor's cart is propped in the doorway of the WOMEN'S ROOM. A LARGE RING OF KEYS is attached to the handle of the cart.

Andy exits from the MEN'S ROOM from across the hall. He grabs the keys.

ROOM #315 stenciled on door. Andy uses the master key.

INT. ROOM #315 - NIGHT

A small room with empty book cases. A few scientific journals on the shelves. The desk has been cleaned out.

A bank of file cabinets. Andy opens the file cabinets... all empty. He moves the end cabinet away from another, and a computer card falls to the floor. He picks it up. It says, "Rahv - Redwood - XL459 - Trial - Lot Six."

NOISE of the CLEANING WOMEN in the hall.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Quincey Tremont delivers a smashing serve to a YOUNG COED. She returns it with a polished two-handed backhand. Quincey puts his opponent away with a passing shot.

ANDY (O.S.)

Nice shot.

Andy watches the game near the gate to the court.

QUINCEY

Thanks.

ANDY

What happened in that room?

QUINCEY

What do you mean?

ANDY

Someone got hurt.

QUINCEY

You hallucinated. I've spoken to some of the others... there's a lingering paranoia. It wears off.

ANDY
What's Lot Six?

Quincey regards him for a beat.

ANDY AND QUINCEY

sit on a bench along the tennis court.

QUINCEY
Hey, Andy, I'm a Ph.D. candidate
here. I helped with an experiment.
They didn't tell me jack. I got
paid just like you.

ANDY
I could go to the dean, the press...

QUINCEY
Do whatever you want. Experiments
like this are done all the time.

Quincey looks at the Coed hitting the tennis ball against the
backboard. Andy gets up.

ANDY
(disdainfully)
Have a good game.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy opens the door, a worried and preoccupied look on his
face, and is surprised to see Vicky standing near his bed.

ANDY
How did you get in?

She is silent, statuesque.

ANDY
(continuing)
Are you okay?

Abruptly, the door closes behind him. The deadbolt turns to
the locked position. Vicky stares straight ahead.

ANDY
(continuing)
Holy shit. How did you do that?

He sits her down on the bed.

VICKY

I really don't know. I woke up
kind of sick to my stomach. I
thought it was my period. Then,
all this stuff started happening...
I realized I was doing it.

ANDY'S WINDOW

It opens. A book from the shelf sails out the window, then
back into the room.

VICKY

(playfully)

Whееее... Oh my god... it makes me
sick...

She runs to the bathroom. Andy puts the floating book back on
the shelf. He hears the sound of Vicky throwing up in the
bathroom.

BEDROOM

They are in bed, drinking tea. Andy is pensive, reflective,
deep into himself.

VICKY

Damn it, we should go to a doctor.
Those bastards might have given us
something that screws up your brain.

ANDY

It won't get us anywhere.

VICKY

Well, let's go to the papers, the
police, somebody.

Andy's eyes glaze over; he's a million miles away.

ANDY

We can't.

Vicky reacts to his distance, puzzled.

VICKY

What do you mean, we can't?

ANDY

I just know.

They look at each other, and as they did during the experiment, they communicate without words.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Harrison, Ohio. 1976."

PANTING SOUNDS

SIX PREGNANT WOMEN lie on their backs in a half-circle around "the key" on the wood floor of a basketball court.

A NURSE PRACTITIONER supervises the breathing exercises from the free throw line. A MAN kneels behind each of the pregnant women.

The CAMERA PANS the couples in the LaMaze Class, STOPPING on Vicky's huge abdomen. Andy supports her back. They appear happy.

EXT. HARRISON, OHIO - DAY

Quiet Midwestern neighborhood. Rows of lower middle income homes. Sparse trees. Tidy, well-kept lawns. Bicycles. Children.

A plumber's truck is parked outside the closest home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modest interior. Boxes, opened and yet to be opened. Andy is placing books into a shelf. The CLANGING of PIPES.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Vicky struggles to hang up a bright wall sampler between the washer and dryer. The feet of the PLUMBER stick out from behind the washer as he whacks away at the pipes.

Andy enters holding six-week-old CHARLENE MCGEE in a pink blanket in his arms. She greets them with a smile and a kiss and then turns to view her sampler. It says: "We're all washed up." Andy offers a mild moan.

ANDY

Where did that come from?

VICKY

(pleased with it)

Garage sale-city. Corny but irresistible. Anyway, you're stuck with it, Creepo.

The Plumber sticks his head from out behind the washer. It is Al Stein.

STEIN

Finished here, Mrs. McGee. I'll go check on the upstairs units.

ANDY

Things are in pretty good shape up there.

STEIN

No charge.

INT. MCGEE HOUSE - NIGHT

The bedroom. Charlie McGee is in bed between her parents. She is crying. Loud. Vicky cuddles her. Andy groans.

ANDY

Her bottle?

VICKY

Not for another hour yet.

ANDY

You're gonna drive me nuts, hon.

VICKY

I hope so, hon.

He grumbles and turns over. Vicky coos softly. A pause.

ANDY

Vicky?

VICKY
Humm?

ANDY
(sits up abruptly)
You smell something?

VICKY
(a beat)
Yes, it's like...

He snaps on his bed lamp, sniffing. The cover is smoldering, smoke rising. She screams. He jumps out of bed. She follows him, rolling out with Charlie.

ANDY
Bed's... bed's on fire.

He smashes at it, trying to smother it with his pillow. They cough. Louder crying.

VICKY
Water.

He dashes out of the room. The smoldering curiously gathers momentum, the smoke whirling and permeating the air. She and Charlie choke. Vicky flings open the windows and starts the electric fan telekinetically. Then darts out of the room with Charlie.

Andy runs back in with a bucket of water.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Equipped with very sophisticated-looking, electronic gear. A YOUNG AGENT listens to his earphones amidst the litter of fries and burger wrappings. A pock-marked agent, named O.J., is asleep in a chair.

The Young Agent kicks his compatriot, O.J., waking him.

O.J.
's wrong?

YOUNG AGENT
Don't know. Fire or something.
Listen.

He turns up the tape. The voices and crying crackle, but are clear.

VICKY'S VOICE (V.O.)
(coughs)
What... what could have started it?

ANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)
I don't know.

VICKY'S VOICE (V.O.)
Should we call the fire department?

ANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)
It's out. It's fine now. Give her
her bottle, will you?

The Agents look at each other. O.J. shrugs and goes back to sleep.

O.J.
Probably smoking their goddamn dope
in bed. Probably had their baby
smoking their goddamn dope in bed.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Charlie coos and teeters in her playpen. She is about six months old. Vicky watches on as Andy stands her on her legs and wraps her hands tightly around the railing. She remains upright but very wobbly. Vicky and Andy are clearly pleased.

One of Charlie's feet steps back and trips on her toy horse. She slips and falls, hitting her chin on the wooden sidings. Loud tears as she stares at horsie.

EXT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - DAY

SIRENS. Two fire trucks swerve up. Smoke issues from the McGee's place. A crowd has gathered.

INT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - DAY

Vicky, holding a whimpering Charlie, and Andy speak with a FIRE CAPTAIN. The hallway leading to the back rooms behind them is a mess, pools of water, scorched walls.

VICKY
(to Captain)
It... well, it happened so fast.

Several FIREMEN make their way from the hall into the living room. One addresses his Captain.

FIREMAN

It's clean.. We're through.

They exit.

CAPTAIN

Well... could be faulty wiring or a plug... lamps. I'd get an electrician over here quick. I mean today even.

Andy nods.

INT. HALLWAY

The McGees, carrying Charlie, make their way through the slush and seared paint. They stand at the entrance to Charlie's room. It is a blackened, charcoaled disaster. They look to one another. Fear. Silence. Their eyes dip down at the child.

INT. MCGEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy lounges, reading. He gets up, heading for the hallway. He passes a FIRE EXTINGUISHER that has been latched near the bedroom door just above the light switch.

Walking down the hallway, he moves by another EXTINGUISHER. Then past an enormous, professionally installed, coiled up FIRE HOSE.

Into the living room. Still more extinguishers. He pauses by the bookcase just under a smoke alarm. Other smoke alarms virtually litter the ceiling. He selects a book.

VICKY (O.S.)

(harsh)

I said get out of here!

INT. KITCHEN

Vicky, in foul temper, is preparing something by the sink. Her cross expression is fixed on Charlie McGee, who stands before the open fridge, a fudge brownie in her hand. She is almost eight years old and a beautiful little girl.

VICKY
I told you to put it away, young lady!

CHARLIE
(pouts)
Aw, Mom...

VICKY
Dinner's going to be ready in half an hour.

Charlie morosely complies and sets it back on the brownie tray in the fridge. Vicky telekinetically slams the ice box door.

Andy enters, moving up behind Vicky.

ANDY
What's the battle?

VICKY
Little brat's sneaking into the brownies. And after I told her not to.

Andy smiles, puts his arms around his cranky wife and turns to his dour daughter.

ANDY
Grand theft, huh, dork? Juvi Hall awaits.

VICKY
She's been driving me crazy all week.

Andy kisses Vicky from behind on the neck and coos baby talk.

ANDY
Everything been driving you crazy this week.

He nuzzles his nose into her ear and purrs playfully. She turns around.

VICKY
Putting me in no mood for your puerile bullshit, McGee.

He backs off, feigning fear. Her attention is caught by the ice box door just coming to a close and a glimpse of the swiftly moving little feet disappearing down the hall. She rips off her apron and takes after Charlie.

INT. HALLWAY

Andy walks out of the kitchen. Slowly. Listening to the argument Vicky and Charlie are having in Charlie's room. We hear snatches of the argument.

VICKY (V.O.)

All right, you . . .

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(starts crying)

. . . I'm sorry . . .

VICKY (V.O.)

Sorry, my butt. You've been an insolent, creepy little bore for a whole month now! What's gotten into you? Why won't you mind me?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(crying)

. . . just one bite . . .

VICKY (V.O.)

. . . if you don't, we're going to start by canceling your birthday party next week . . .

CHARLIE (V.O.)

NO!!

VICKY (V.O.)

Oh yes!

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(wailing)

. . . Not fair! My friends are invited already . . .

VICKY (V.O.)

Your friends will be disinvited . . . let your nonsense go on long enough . . .

Andy, upset by the argument, makes for Charlie's room. He hears Vicky SCREAM. She runs into the hallway for the bathroom -- her hands ABLAZE.

INT. BATHROOM

Andy holds Vicky's hands under the cold water in the shower. She is shaken but trying to compose herself.

VICKY

It's not bad.

ANDY

It could have been.

VICKY

I know.

She starts to sob.

VICKY

What can we do?

ANDY

We need help... information.

VICKY

(tearful)

We can't. They'll take her away.
You know that. She'll be all
right. It will stop.

ANDY

It hasn't!

CHARLIE

watches her parents from the doorway.

ANDY

(harsh)

Look at your mother's hands.

VICKY

Andy, don't.

Charlie doesn't move. She starts to cry.

ANDY

You could have killed her. You
could have killed your mother.
It's a very bad thing. You have
to stop it. How many times do we
have to tell you?

Charlie runs out of the room. Andy goes after her.

HALLWAY

Andy grabs hold of Charlie.

CHARLIE

I'm bad. I hurt Mommy.

He holds her.

ANDY

She loves you.

CHARLIE

(sobbing)

It gets out when I get mad. I
can't stop it.

ANDY

You have to stop it. You have to
learn how to control it.

VICKY

stands in back of them with towels wrapped around her hands.
Charlie runs to her.

CHARLIE

Mommy . . . Mommy . . . I'm sorry.

They embrace. Andy has tears in her eyes.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON "Quincey Tremont, Ph.D., Department of Neurosciences"
lettered on a door. The door opens.

Seated at a lab desk, Quincey transcribes from a stack of computer
printouts. Cages of monkeys in the background.

ANDY

Congratulations . . .

Quincey, startled, jumps.

ANDY
(continued)
... on your doctorate.

QUINCEY
(irritated)
You scared the piss out of me.

Andy stares at Quincey for a beat. Quincey recognizes him.

QUINCEY
(continuing)
I know you. McGee. Been a long
time . . .

ANDY
Yes it has. I'd like to know what
went on in that experiment we were
involved in.

Quincey shakes his head, bemused.

QUINCEY
The experiment . . . God, that
was almost ten years . . .

ANDY
(forcefully)
Sit down!

A pause. A distant twinkled shrouds Quincey's demeanor. He sits down.

ANDY AND QUINCEY

sit across from each other at a lab table. Quincey twitches occasionally and speaks in spurts.

QUINCEY
It was an experimental drug.
Synthesized by Dr. Roberta Rahv,
a high-level scientist with the
Department of Scientific Intelligence . . .

ANDY
What's that?

QUINCEY
Covert science branch of the Government.

ANDY
What was the drug?

INT. GRAY VAN - DAY

A BALD AGENT behind wheel. A BEARDED AGENT gets in passenger side.

BEARD

Any luck?

BALD

(calm)

No, the kid's been gone over 48 hours now.

The Bearded Agent smashes his fist into the dash.

BEARD

How could I have lost her!?

BALD

They might be on to us. Shuffled her off someplace.

BEARD

The little bitch.

BALD

Better call in. Our ass is grass.

He goes for the microphone. The Bearded Agent stops him.

BEARD

Not my ass.

INT. ANDY'S CLASSROOM - HARRISON COLLEGE - DAY

Andy leans against the desk of one of his students, a pretty CO-ED. He holds a thin bundle of paper in his hands. He smiles in exasperation.

ANDY

...I like David Bowie, too, Miss Donald, but a paper on the liner notes and lyrics to his latest album is not...

Andy pauses, as if something else has just entered his mind. His jaw slackens. His skin losing color.

MISS DONALD

Yes, Mr. McGee, but I put a lot of time...

QUINCEY

Strong hallucinogenic . . . devised
to induce psychic powers . . .

ANDY

What did it do?

QUINCEY

Worked like a bitch. All students were
given the drug. All demonstrated wide
range of psychic capabilities along with
a wide range of long-lasting side effects.

ANDY

There were 12 others. What happened to
them?

QUINCEY

Most gone now. Messy business. Many suicides. Some killings. Don't know too much, though... Some being taken care of...

(blinks, grins)

...Heard of one that can sometimes disappear. Another could bend thick pipes without touching them. They're quite mad.

ANDY

Are they trying to help them?... Cure them?

QUINCEY

Help? Cure? They're locked in little rooms, prodded, questioned, told to perform tricks.

ANDY

Any others left besides those?

QUINCEY

A few still on the outside. Spot checked once, twice a year. Two are married and have child.

(blinks, grins)

...I imagine they'd be quite interested in them.

ANDY

Why? Why would they be interested in them?

QUINCEY

Lot Six. Worked on pituitary. Altered chromosomes. Couple's offspring could prove to be quite an item.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Two months later."

EXT. MCGEE HOME - DAY

The gray van is parked nearby. It is the middle of the day.

Andy stands, worried, trancelike. He walks out the classroom door. The students remain seated, puzzled.

INT. HALLWAY PAY PHONE - COLLEGE - DAY

Beads of perspiration forming on his brow, Andy waits as the phone rings. No answer.

EXT. STREET MCGEE'S HOUSE - DAY

Andy's car swerves to a halt, its front tire bumping up over the curb.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Andy nervously tries the key. No need. It is unlocked. He lets it swing open. A beat.

INT. KITCHEN

ANDY (O.S.)

Vicky?

Andy enters. Empty. Neat and clean but for a turned-over chair by the breakfast table. He pauses.

ANDY

(continuing)

Vicky!

No answer. He moves closer to the table. A salt shaker is on its side. Next to it, a full cup of coffee. He rights the turned-over chair. He turns and moves toward the stove. Whisks of steam still rise from the boiling kettle.

INT. HALLWAY

He moves through.

ANDY

Honey?!

He enters the laundry room. Everything is still, silent, except for the dryer, which drones on.

ANDY

moves to the upstairs quarters. Nothing, no one. Quiet. A beat.

LAUNDRY ROOM

He returns and sits down. He pensively wipes his face with a folded-up wash cloth, as he stares into the gaping hole of their open Maytag washer. He sighs a bit more relievedly.

ANDY

Must have just gone out for a second.

His eyes wander to a wall sampler above the machine. It reads: "Honey we're all washed up." He smiles slightly. Then perfunctorily shuts the Maytag.

On the washer's glass window, small dots of red. Only three or four, but there. He stares. His jaw dropping. More droplets on the floor. And something else. He picks it up... a fingernail -- blood at its root. A soft squealing from his throat.

He goes for the hamper. Just a sock. Opens cupboards. Nothing. Under cubby holes, under the sink, in the dryer.

He grabs from the top of the ironing board between the washer and dryer. It comes SLAMMING down with a CRASH. Her body tied, her knees to her chin, a rag stuffed into her mouth, Vicky stares up at him, her eyes open, glazed and dead. The fingers of her right hand, bloody; the nails missing. A pair of pliers clank to the floor.

He makes a gagging noise and stumbles back, bumping into the washer. Clothes begin to tumble and churn. He bites into his wrist and stifles a scream. He turns for the stairs.

BEDROOM

He dives on the bed, his throat roaring into the covering. He smashes the bed lamp and sends it crashing. He rolls off the bed to his knees and sobs. A choking, violent sobbing.

And then his head snaps up. His face whips to a family photo on the bedside.

EXT. HOUSE PORCH - SUBURBAN HARRISON

Andy, much more composed, has rung the doorbell.

MRS. LORRAINE DUGGAN approaches from the inside and smiles, opening the screen. She takes rollers from her hair. Her eight-year-old, TERRI, follows, eating a popsicle.

MRS. DUGGAN

Oh, Andy...

ANDY

Hi, Lorraine, I've come to collect Charlie a little early... figured you've had enough for the past two days...

Lorraine Duggan, looking surprised, glances at her daughter.

MRS. DUGGAN

Well... your friends from the college... those teachers, picked her up. Just... I guess some 15 minutes ago... maybe 20.

Andy's lids roll shut, his teeth grit, he slams his hand down on the porch post.

ANDY

Damn!

Mrs. Duggan is alarmed.

MRS. DUGGAN

Oh, dear... I'm sorry... I hope it was all right.

Refusing to panic, he pulls himself together and manages to feign exasperation.

ANDY

No. Fine. Just hoping to catch them still here... Which... Which car were they using, do you remem...

MRS. DUGGAN

(still guilty)

Well, I was inside while the girls were playing and...

TERRI

It was a van. A gray van. They went away in a gray van like one David Palazzi's father has.

Andy's interest perks.

ANDY

Which direction did they drive away in, Terri?

TERRI

(absently licking
popsicle)

Forgot.

Andy regards her; his voice calm and modulated.

ANDY

You can try and remember, Terri.

(he points down
the street)

Did they go in the direction of the town?

(points other way)

Or toward the big, big road.

Terri's eyes glaze, her popsicle dormant against her tongue.

TERRI

Toward the big road.

EXT. THE BIG ROAD

Andy's car sits idle at the crossroad to the main highway. The sign: I-90. Below that -- a picture of an airplane, marked EAST and TURNPIKE, WEST.

His eyes clamped shut, jaw taut, fierce concentration. He breaks off and slams his fists on the steering wheel.

ANDY

DAMN IT!!

(pants)

Just once happen for me when I want it. Just once.

Staring back at the signs.

ANDY

(continuing)

Do they fly? Do they drive?
Fly. Drive.

Concentrates again. Nothing. Leans against wheel, exasperated, defeated. Calm, almost resigned. He mutters:

ANDY

(continuing)

Charlie.

A beat. He slowly raises his face from the wheel. His demeanor slightly changing. Face tilts. Eyes sharpen. Shoots another look at the sign. Jams car in gear.

EXT. I-90 ENTRANCE

Rubber smoking, Andy's car flashes up the on ramp, TURNPIKE WEST.

INT. ANDY'S CAR

CLOSE ON SPEEDOMETER: edging past eighty.

Andy keeping his eyes open. The road is not that crowded. Weaving in and out, he passes all traffic. Mumbles to himself.

ANDY

They've got to keep to the speed
limit... two grown men and a little
girl. How they gonna explain that?

EXT. I-90

Later. Further up the highway. Andy comes up behind a disheveled, beaten-up, gray van. He swings up next to it. Gawks inside. Bunch of teens. Uncomfortable with his staring, a girl flips him the finger.

EXT./INT. ANDY'S CAR - I-90 - DAY

Still farther down. He checks his watch: 1:00. A sign marked "Rest Area 1 Mile Ahead" whizzes by him.

He signals from the passing lane and drifts over to the far right one, slowing down to 40, 30...

EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - DAY

He pulls in. Slant sparking, a water fountain and restrooms. Four or five cars. And one GRAY VAN.

Andy, his hands quivering, parks his car several yards from the van. Catching his breath, he surveys the scene. No Charlie in sight. No two men.

On a picnic table, a YOUNG COUPLE and their BABY are eating lunch. A YOUNG MAN is in the information booth going over one of the maps. Serene. Peaceful. An ELDERLY COUPLE pull out nearby and drive back to the highway.

Suddenly Charlie comes out of the men's room door. She is flanked by the Bearded Agent and the Balding Agent. It is clear that she has been crying. The men lead her over to the drinking fountain.

Andy, adrenalin pumping, takes a few deep breaths and exits his car. He steps behind the van just out of sight of the men and Charlie. He looks around the area once more. Everyone minding their own business.

Charlie and the two agents make for the van. Andy moves out from behind it and into their view. Charlie cries out in a shrill, frightened voice, and tries to run for him.

CHARLIE

Daddy!!

The Bearded one grabs her and hauls her up, cradling her in his arm. The Young Couple with the baby turn their attention. In an instant the Bearded one has a .45 automatic pointed at Charlie's temple.

The Balding Agent strolls casually in Andy's direction.

BALDING AGENT

Move away from the van.

CHARLIE

(crying)

Daddy!!

The Balding agent pulls a .357 magnum. Long barreled.

The Young Man with his wife and baby at the picnic table gets up.

BEARDED AGENT

Everything's fine. Finish your lunch.

YOUNG MARRIED MAN

What's going on . . . ?

BEARDED AGENT
Government business.

The Young Man's wife grabs his arm and pulls him down. Andy looks at the Balding Agent and says in a low, pleasant tone:

ANDY
That gun is much too hot to hold.

The Balding Agent gives him a puzzled look and then suddenly SCREAMS and drops his hand cannon. He dances around holding his hand in pain.

The Bearded Agent with Charlie stares at his friend hopping up and down. Andy commands him pleasantly.

ANDY
(continuing)
And you're blind.

The Bearded Agent SCREAMS, drops Charlie and grabs his eyes.

A lazer of pain twists through Andy's head. Charlie runs to her father and holds on to his legs. The Man in the information booth exits to see what is going on. The Balding Agent sprints for Andy and Charly.

ANDY
Go to sleep.

The Balding Agent stops in his tracks, closes his eyes, crumbles to his knees, pitches forward and bonks his head on the pavement. The Woman cradles her baby in disbelief.

Andy grabs his temples in pain.

CHARLIE
Daddy . . .

ANDY
Go to the car, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Is Mommy there?

ANDY
Just go to the car.

She runs off. The Bearded Agent holds his eyes, SCREAMING.

MAN IN BOOTH
What the hell is this?

The Bearded Agent stumbles around in his blindness, SCREAMING, rabid.

BEARDED AGENT
My eyes! My eyes! What have you
done to my eyes, you son of a bitch!

Andy walks past the snoring Agent toward the Young Couple at the picnic table. The Young Woman snatches up her baby and jumps up from the table. The Young Married Man looks at Andy fearfully.

ANDY
(to both)
None of this is very important.

A pause as they both blink at him. The Young Man is relieved.

YOUNG MARRIED MAN
Well, thank God.

The Blind Agent careens around calling out for his sleeping friend.

BEARDED AGENT
Billy . . . Billy . . . I
can't see!

The Young Married Woman smiles up at Andy, who is rubbing his temples. She offers him a plate.

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN
Would you like some potato salad?

ANDY
No, thank you.

He heads for the Man near the information booth. The Blind Agent stumbles over a trash bin and lands on his sleeping friend.

BEARDED AGENT
Wake up! I can't see!

INFORMATION BOOTH

The Man by the booth addresses Andy, who looks in great pain.

MAN IN BOOTH
What is it, man? Is this a
bust?

ANDY
Nah, nothing happened.

The Man cocks his head and looks at Andy.

MAN IN BOOTH
Oh, well, I was just trying to find
my way to Lincoln Falls. Do you know
where I-95 West is?

PICNIC TABLE

The Blind Agent reaches the Young Marrieds at their table. He is
CRYING and hysterical. The Young Man reads. The Young Woman
breast feeds her baby, oblivious.

BEARDED BLIND AGENT
Help me, someone, I'm blind!

YOUNG MARRIED MAN
That's very unfortunate. We
sympathize. There are many blind
people in this country.

Andy's car screeches out of the rest area.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Andy turning on the faucets to the bathtub, then the
shower, the sink. All full blast. He lets the water run.

MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A standard Howard Johnson's room. Charlie sleeps on the bed
with a pillow over her head.

Andy lifts the pillow.

ANDY
Charlie
(gently, shaking her)
Wake up, it's dark.

She responds slowly.

ANDY
(continued)
We'd better get a move on. They'll
be coming after us.

Charlie slowly gets out of bed. The lights from the passing cars on the turnpike shine into the room. Charlie reacts to the drone of the water running in the bathroom.

CHARLIE
Is your headache any better?

ANDY
A little.

CHARLIE
Why did they take me?

ANDY
You remember those men Mommy and I told you about. The men that did the test when we needed money in college. They want you.

CHARLIE
Why?

ANDY
The fires. To find out how you start the fires.

Charlie glances in at the bathroom again. The rushing water.

CHARLIE
Where are we going?

ANDY
I don't know . . .

CHARLIE
When are we going to get Mommy?

No need. She starts to tremble and cry.

CHARLIE
(continuing)
Oh, no, Daddy . . . Please, say no.
Please say . . .

(CONTINUED)

Charlie shakes her head rhythmically.

CHARLIE

(continuing;
hysterical trance)

No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!...

Her pigtaails fly back and forth. Andy cannot comfort her.

He starts to sweat. The room is getting hot.

ANDY

Charlie, stop it...

Rage and sorrow well up and burst through.

ANDY

(continuing)

Charlie... you're losing it.

Andy's face is red, perspiration rolls off his skin.
On the hotel night stand a GIDEON'S BIBLE starts to smolder.

ANDY

(continuing)

Charlie, the bathtub, the water!
Push it toward the water! Now!

She turns her head toward the open bathroom door. Screams.

FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT... A CRACKLING SOUND and a rush of STEAM
from the doorway. Andy catches her as she falls backwards.

CHARLIE

(crying)

Daddy, Daddy, Daddy...

ANDY

It's all right, Charlie, somehow
it's going to be all right.

Andy holds her and watches the steam and smoke come from the doorway.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

As if it had been baked in a firing kiln. The towels smolder
on the racks. The porcelain tub is scorched and cracked.
The sink is split. Water rushes from the broken pipes.

The showerhead has melted into a surrealistic metal droplet that hangs against the glowing hot tiles.

INT. SMALL ROOM

The Young Woman from the rest area lies on a reclining dental chair. She is in a drowsy state. An IV line is in her arm. E.E.G. electrodes are placed in her scalp.

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN

He was a nice man. I felt at ease in his presence. He assured me that everything was okay.

RAHV, CAP, PYNCHOT AND STEIN

listen to the woman's drug-induced dreamy recollections.

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN

But he seemed to be suffering terrible headaches. He turned white and started to sweat. When he left he almost fell.

PYNCHOT

Is your husband feeling any better?

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN

(look of concern)

Some. Though he's still behaving a bit strange.

INT. HALLWAY D.S.I.

Young Married Man from rest area sits in chair, cradles his baby. Glint in his eye. He exhibits the 100 yard stare. Rahv, Cap, Pynchot and Stein pass by, taking notice.

BALDING AGENT

sleeps on a cot in a padded cell. A big smile on his face, he occasionally snores in his reverie.

Cap looks the sleeping man over.

PYNCHOT

Nothing wrong with him when he's awake. It's just that he sleeps 22... 23 hours a day.

DOOR WITH THICK GLASS WINDOW

Behind the door, the Blind Agent is laced into a straight jacket. His screams cannot be heard by Rahv, Cap, Pynchot and Stein as they peer through the glass.

PYNCHOT

He's totally psychotic. Needs to be sedated or he'll die.

CAP

And there's nothing wrong with his eyes?

PYNCHOT

Not organically. Just thinks he's blind.

Cap, grumbling to himself, turns and walks down the hall. The others follow.

CAP

Why didn't we know about McGee, Stein?

STEIN

(defensive)

Hey, Cap...

RAHV

He probably never practiced it that much.

CAP

That's what I can't understand. Shit, you think he'd be rich at least.

RAHV

For one, we know it causes him great pain if he overdoes it.

PYNCHOT

And when he uses it forcefully enough on some people... it seems to cause anything from mild disorientation to complete psychosis.

CAP
You think he knows this?

PYNCHOT
Probably.

CAP
A most ethical man.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"New York City. 1983"

INT. GRAMMAR SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Charlie stands at the phone, dialing. She is agitated.

CHARLIE
Dad, I can feel it.
(a beat)
They're coming.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy, sporting a beard, listens on the phone. The lettering on his open office door reads: "Schick Weight Reduction Center." An obese MAN sits on Andy's couch.

ANDY
Charlie, stay inside the school and
wait for me. I'll be right there.

EXT. GRAMMAR SCHOOL - DAY

Andy holds Charlie's hand as they leave the building.

A gray PLYMOUTH and four other cars squeal to a stop in front of the school. NORVILLE BATES and other D.S.I. members are noticed.

Andy brings Charlie to a halt and stands his ground, facing them.

Confusion in the cars, as the men speak into their mikes. They peel off in different directions, hurriedly.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

Charlie and Andy walk the sidewalk. The gray Plymouth trails slowly, stalking them at a respectful distance.

Among the pedestrians, Ralph Baxter walks in back of them.

ANDY

Let's try the subway.

Charlie slows down, turns and stops. Out of the several people on the sidewalk, she focuses on Ralph Baxter.

The men in the Plymouth slow down.

Baxter registers fear as he approaches them.

ANDY

(continuing)

Don't do anything. They're afraid of me.

Baxter tries to pass Andy in a casual manner; he is sweating.

THE FOUR GOVERNMENT ISSUE CARS

at the intersection form a roadblock which cuts Andy and Charlie off from the

SUBWAY STATION in the middle of the next block.

The gray Plymouth continues the slow tracking; the driver speaks into a microphone.

A RED TURBO PORSCHE

is parked in front of a brownstone. TWO YOUNG MEN are inside. Andy walks in front of the Porsche, keeping a tight grip on Charlie; he leans into the driver's window. He converses with them.

For a moment the two men appear stunned. Then smile amicably and get out of the car, handing Andy the keys. Andy and Charlie jump into the Porsche and whip a U-turn, burning rubber as it passes the Plymouth.

The Young Men smile, waving goodbye as the Plymouth tries to maneuver in pursuit.

The cars from the roadblock race down the street. Norville Bates is in the lead car.

Two other unmarked cars parked on the street take off after the Porsche.

ANDY

downshifts, and makes a sharp corner. Charlie straps herself into the seatbelt.

CHARLIE

Dad, watch out.

ANDY

Hold on.

He guns it down a side street and makes another turn, K-Cars in hot pursuit.

The Porsche weaves through crosstown traffic, taking chances, a few near misses with pedestrians.

Norville Bates follows the Porsche. He speaks into his radio mike.

The Porsche roars through a tunnel, narrowly missing the wall.

PARK AVENUE

An open stretch of concrete. The Porsche burns uptown.

The government cars exit the tunnel.

TRAFFIC LIGHTS TURNING RED

Andy slows and then punches the Porsche through the light before the pedestrians fill the intersection. He almost hits a child. The people in the intersection are furious.

The unmarked government cars approach the intersection and try to run the light, boldly creeping out in front of the pedestrians.

A MAN WITH A CANE smashes it on the hood of the gray Plymouth.

Andy has an open street until the next light. He watches the havoc in the rear view mirror. Then notices the several unmarked cars approaching him from the front.

He stops the car in the middle of the street. They get out and run down a side street.

Andy and Charlie bumping into pedestrians.

D.S.I. Men jump out of their cars and pursue them. Andy and Charlie have almost a full block head start.

LEXINGTON AVENUE

Shoppers pour out of Bloomingdale's.

People react to the man and the little girl running. Some don't react.

A BLACK MAN about to enter a Taxi.

ANDY

You don't want this cab.

The Black Man takes his hand from the door handle.

Andy and Charlie enter the cab.

DRIVER

Thanks.

ANDY

LaGuardia on the double.

The taxi pulls out into the heavy stop and go traffic.

The D.S.I. Agents run like tailbacks through the stop and go crowd.

Norville Bates writes the taxi's numbers down. He pulls out his walkie-talkie.

INT. CAB - LATER

The cab makes its way up the East Side. Charlie is asleep in Andy's arms.

The taxi radio starts to crackle.

CAB RADIO (V.O.)

Number 8983 give location and desin...

ANDY

Turn it off.

The Driver complies. Andy grimaces, rubbing his forehead.

INT./EXT. TRAVELING SHOT - NIGHT

The taxi on the expressway. Andy looks bleary-eyed out the side window. Charlie stares out the rear window.

ANDY
Pull off here a second.

DRIVER
Anything you say.

EXT. CITIBANK ALL NIGHT TELLER - NIGHT

Andy and Charlie stand in front of the all night automatic teller. The Driver waits in the cab.

Andy tries his card. No response from the machine.

ANDY
They've closed our account.

CHARLIE
The assholes.

ANDY
Don't talk like that.

They walk back to the cab, he uses Charlie as a cane. They get in. Andy pulls a crinkled bill from his pocket. Smooths it out. It is a one dollar bill.

ANDY
I've changed my mind.

TAXI DRIVER
Where to?

ANDY
Albany. Take us to the Albany
Airport.

TAXI DRIVER
What are you, some kind of crazy?
I can't...

He holds out the dollar bill.

ANDY

For 500 bucks you can't?

The driver examines it. CLOSE ON the bill. It is a 500 dollar bill. The driver smiles back at Andy.

TAXI DRIVER

Albany Airport, it is, Santa Claus.

He turns off his meter. Andy, reeling in pain, shuts his bloodshot eyes and flops back in his seat.

EXT. ALBANY AIRPORT - NIGHT

A SKY CAP watches the seemingly stumble-drunk Andy catch his balance as he gets out of the cab. Charlie hurries after him. The Sky Cap shakes his head in disgust. They don't even have luggage.

Andy leans against the cab.

TAXI DRIVER

You don't look so good.

ANDY

I'm fine. Thanks.

Charlie and Andy head for the terminal entrance.

A JET ROARS overhead, exacerbating Andy's pain. Charlie tries her best to bolster him.

ANDY

(continuing)

I have to sit down. My head is going to split.

They pass the Sky Cap; he notes with disdain this bum of a father.

INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

The place is sparsely populated with night travelers and a skeleton crew of employees.

Andy and Charlie make themselves as comfortable as possible in the plastic airport seats.

A stranded G.I. SNORES not far from them and even this noise bothers Andy.

He whispers in her ear.

CHARLIE

Do I have to?

ANDY

I'm all used up. And we are stone cold broke.

EXT. ALBANY AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Taxi Driver sits in his New York City taxi in front of the Albany Airport. He turns on his dispatch radio.

VOICE ON RADIO (V.O.)

Number 8983 give whereabouts immediately. This is an emergency.

He reaches for the mike.

INT. ALBANY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Charlie wanders among the few passengers. She fetches a paper shopping bag from a trash can near the gift shop.

A BANK OF PHONE BOOTHS

Only one of the fifteen booths is occupied. They each have sliding glass bubble doors for privacy.

Charlie enters a booth and picks up the receiver and mimes putting a coin into the slot. She waits.

CHARLIE

Hello, Grandma... this is Charlie.
We're in Albany...

She checks to see that no one is paying attention.

She bites down on her lower lip and makes a little grunting noise.

A tide of silver coins falls into the shopping bag. She seems pleased.

She is off to the next booth.

ANDY

slumped in his chair, his hand covers the left side of his face, which seems to droop. Charlie sits down next to him; she can barely carry the bag. He takes it from her.

CHARLIE

You told me this kind of stuff
isn't right.

ANDY

It's not right but then it's not
right for them to be doing this
to us.

CHARLIE

But what if I sort of like doing it?

ANDY

That's an entirely different matter
which we can discuss later.

CHARLIE

Are the bad men coming?

ANDY

We have to assume they are.

CHARLIE

Does your head still hurt?

ANDY

I'm going to have to sleep pretty
soon. Then I'll be all right.

CHARLIE

Poor us.

He takes some of the coins from the bag and stuffs his pockets.

ANDY

Can you walk a few miles?

CHARLIE

I can. How about you?

EXT. TERMINAL EXIT - NIGHT

They are careful to avoid the sleeping Sky Cap. They head for
the parking lot. The highway is in the distance.

EXT. RUNWAY ALBANY AIRPORT - NIGHT

An Army helicopter lands. Norville Bates, O.J., and several other Agents from the New York chase are with him.

They are met by Airport Security.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

A trail leads to the shoulder of the highway up ahead. Cars pass below them.

CHARLIE

I'm scared they're coming, Daddy.

ANDY

They're coming, but not this fast.

INT. ALBANY AIRPORT - NIGHT

John Mayo, seen at the experiment, shows photos to the Sky Cap.

SKY CAP

That's the drunk skunk with the little girl. Didn't see them leave.

More Agents fan out in the terminal. The place is being turned upside down.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

Charlie loses her footing and falls several feet to the shoulder of the road. She somersaults and stops at the highway edge and is narrowly missed by a Greyhound Bus.

ANDY

Charlie!

He slides down the incline. Quickly looks her over. She's only skinned her elbows and knees. He holds her. They are both shaken.

INT. ALBANY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Eastern Airlines counter. Norville Bates looks over the passenger lists with a disgruntled CLERK.

BATES

No children on these flights?

CLERK

That's what I said the first time.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A SEMI with California plates stops. Andy and Charlie are greeted by a YOUNG TRUCKER.

Beach Boy MUSIC BLASTS from the stereo.

TRUCKER

Car broke down? There's a station up the road.

ANDY

Nope. We're ditching a subpoena. Nasty divorce.

TRUCKER

Kramer vs. Kramer.

Andy reacts to the blare of "Help Me, Rhonda."

EXT. SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - NIGHT

The semi stops. Andy gets out... helps Charlie down.

TRUCKER

Just be thankful you didn't get divorced in California. I ain't been able to see my kid in six months. Good luck.

Andy waves goodbye, shuts the truck door.

CHARLIE

Lucky kid. What a creep.

INT. OFFICE SLUMBERLAND MOTEL - NIGHT

Andy fills out the check-in card for the MOTEL OWNER.

MOTEL OWNER

Seventeen dollars then.

ANDY

I hope you don't mind small change.

Andy starts to dole out the quarters, dimes and nickels.
The lights of several cars pass from the highway.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Andy walks down the gravel drive to the end unit. The light in the office it turned off. He approaches a hedge on the verge of a lawn.

ANDY
(whisper)

Charlie.

No answer. He listens to the SOUNDS OF SNORING beyond the hedge. Charlie is fast asleep on the lawn. He picks her up.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

SOUND of a shower running. Andy sits on the edge of the bed; he presses his hands into his eye sockets. The shower is turned off.

ANDY

Charlie.

She enters from the bathroom. Her hair is wrapped in a towel and she dries herself with another one.

CHARLIE

Good morning, Daddy. I didn't want to wake you.

ANDY

How are you doing?

CHARLIE

Hungry.

She picks up her dirty clothes. Inspects them. Sniffs.

CHARLIE
(continuing)

Yuk.

ANDY

Mine are just as bad.

She starts getting dressed.

CHARLIE

I hope we won't have to wait all day to eat.

ANDY

We'll hitch another ride, then stop at the first place we can.

CHARLIE

Dad, your eye looks funny.

BATHROOM MIRROR

Andy wipes the steam from the mirror. His left eyelid and cheek droop dramatically; the left pupil is much larger than the right.

He examines his face with his hand, feeling the numb spots.

Charlie enters the bathroom.

CHARLIE

Dad, are you sure you're okay?

ANDY

Fine. I was just thinking how much I need a shave.

He picks her up and rubs his scratchy face against hers. She giggles and kicks in the air.

CHARLIE

Oh, gross.

He gives her a big kiss.

INT. CAP'S OFFICE - DAY

One dollar bill encased in a plastic cover flickers; George Washington's face becomes Ben Franklin's, the one becomes a five with two zeros following.

CAP

I'll be damned.

Rahv, Pynchot, Al Stein and Cap watch the bill on the desk.

RAHV

Works on you, too. It seems to be losing some of its energy.

CAP

Ben Franklin's not on the five
hundred dollar bill.

RAHV

No. But McGee thought he was and
the taxi driver didn't know the
difference.

Cap looks over the map of the Albany area. Studies it.

CAP

You put them within this circle.

STEIN

Yes.

CAP

(to Stein)

I want you up there and personally
in charge.

RAHV

We think McGee's pretty much pushed
out. The computer gives us a 25%
chance he's already dead. Stroke...
Embolism...

STEIN

Should be easier to bring them in.

RAHV

(casually)

What do you think of sanctioning him?

They all look toward her.

PYNCHOT

Why, when he's probably powerless,
anyway?

RAHV

If he's powerless, he'll be desperate.
And he might try and use the girl
against us.

EXT. MARKET HASTINGS GLEN - DAY

The market is situated in the middle of the main drag.

A RED FARM TRUCK is parked by Baxter's and O.J.'s car.

A hippie from a bygone era, IRV MANDERS, unloads pumpkins from the truck and hands them to the MARKET MANAGER.

MANDERS

Who are all the strangers in town?

MANAGER

Federal agents.

O.J. and Baxter approach Manders.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Beyond the motel, Charlie and Andy walk down a hill.

The Slumberland Motel sign fades in the background.

CHARLIE

I feel nervous.

ANDY

We're still ahead of them, hon.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

John Mayo and BRUCE COOK approach the motel in a government car. Mayo drives.

A tire blows. Mayo instinctively ducks his head.

MAYO

Shit.

The car swerves and stops on the shoulder.

COOK

Job's getting to you, old boy.

MAYO

That's quality control for you.
Why the fuck don't they just give
in and buy Hondas?

They get out of the car. Inspect the damage.

MAYO

I'll fix it. You check that motel
up ahead.

COOK
I'll help.

MAYO
You're new on this case. Let's
just pretend they're in that motel.
The walk will do you good.

COOK
Hey, I was just offering to help.
Manders' red farm truck passes them. Cook starts towards the
Slumberland.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Charlie and Andy turn at the SOUND of an oncoming car. It's
Manders' truck. They stick out their thumbs. The truck slows down.

INT. SLUMBERLAND - DAY

The Motel Owner faces Bruce Cook.

OWNER
That's him. But there was no
girl with him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bruce Cook, running, comes to a panting stop by John Mayo,
who is almost finished with the tire.

COOK
...slept at the motel... Just missed
'em. Checked out 10, 15 minutes ago...

MAYO
Damn! Gotta be hitching. What
passed us on the road? Think!

COOK
(eyes closed)
Ah... Old V.W.... A red farm truck.

Mayo works on the tire feverishly.

INT. RED FARM TRUCK - DAY

Charlie sits in the middle between Manders and Andy.

MANDERS

Where are you two headed?

ANDY

Rochester. Family's up there.

MANDERS

I can get you about 20 miles closer.
Don't mind me meddling... but you
and your kid shouldn't be hitching.
It's not like the sixties when it
was safe.

Andy finds this throw-back amusing.

ANDY

Thanks. But sometimes you don't
have a choice.

CHARLIE

My Dad's out of work.

ANDY

Hey, that's private stuff.

MANDERS

That's cool. The way things are
going, most everyone is out of work.
Me and my old lady went back to the
land.

Charlie is taken by the farm country. She sees some horses.

CHARLIE

Look, Daddy.

MANDERS

Why not come home with me and have
some lunch? My wife's baking today,
and I'll show the little one the farm.

ANDY

That's nice but...

CHARLIE

Oh, Daddy... we'd love to... wouldn't we?

ANDY

I'm out-voted.

The red truck continues down the road, makes a turn.

HIGHWAY

Government car with Cook and Mayo races down the road covering ground passed by Manders' red truck. Mayo goes for the mike.

MAYO

We should have caught them by now.

EXT. HASTINGS GLEN - DAY

In front of the Post Office on Main Street, several of the government cars are parked. D.S.I. Agents congregate around Norville Bates. He carries a walkie-talkie,

BATES

We're looking for a red
International Harvester with a
snow plow on the front.

Baxter and O.J. look at each other.

MANDERS' TRUCK

travels up a narrow country road.

They approach a white farmhouse with a prominent front porch. There is a vegetable garden to the side of the house.

In front of the house is a chicken coop and a yard housing farm animals and several horses.

The stump of a large tree is used as a chopping block. An axe is embedded in it.

NORMA MANDERS, attractive in an earthy fashion, waves from the front porch.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Bates and O.J. talk to the Manager of the Market who took delivery of the pumpkins.

MANAGER

His name's Irv Manders. A farmer.
Lives off Route 40 with his wife.
No kids.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A real country kitchen. Norma Manders watches Charlie down a large glass of milk. She gives her husband a knowing glance. This kid is real hungry..

She bends down to Charlie.

NORMA

Would you like to help me feed the chickens and horses?

CHARLIE

Could I?

NORMA

Do you have a jacket?... It's getting a little cold.

Charlie looks at Andy.

CHARLIE

I didn't bring one.

Norma raises an eyebrow.

NORMA

You can borrow one of my sweaters.

They go out toward the yard. Manders opens two beers from the fridge.

MANDERS

Norma takes to kids... It's the only thing on this place we haven't been able to raise.

He hands Andy a beer and sits.

MANDERS

(continuing)

Just how much trouble you in, Frank?

Andy, taken aback, just looks at him.

MANDERS

(continuing)

You got a whole slew of Brooks Brothers types looking for you... not to mention the State and Local Police. The roads are blocked in and out of Albany.

Andy winces at the news. A beat.

ANDY

Why'd you pick us up?

MANDERS

Been hassled myself. Army problems. .
Spent a lot of time in Sweden...
Canada. I'd like to be on your side.

Andy looks out the window and watches Charlie helping with the chickens.

MANDERS

(continuing)

What are you wanted for?

ANDY

Research.

MANDERS

These guys don't exactly look like
college professors.

ANDY

We're wanted by the D.S.I. Science
branch of the C.I.A. Charlie and I
are part of an experiment that
happened a long time ago, before she
was born...

Manders hasn't had this much excitement since he burned his
draft card.

ANDY

(continuing)

Her mother was part of it. They
killed her.

MANDERS

No shit. It's still going down...
Watergate... Nam... Freedom of
Information Act my ass. Why do
they want you?

ANDY

They don't want me. They want Charlie.

MANDERS

What do they want with a little girl?

They watch Charlie and Norma petting a horse.

ANDY

Charlie is a mutant.

MANDERS

That doesn't sound too cool.

ANDY

She can light fires.

MANDERS

So can any kid with a matchbook.

ANDY

She can do it just by thinking about it. She could burn this house down if she wanted to.

Manders sips his beer. Looks at Andy.

MANDERS

(sighs)

I don't know if you're crazy or not. But the two of you can rest up here the night. Tomorrow I'll drive you through the mountains and drop you off somewhere past the roadblocks... Maybe you can try and call Ralph Nader or something...

Charlie rushes in, terrified. Norma Manders follows.

CHARLIE

They're coming!

NORMA

Who's coming?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Five cars turn off the highway and up a private drive. Al Stein is in the lead car.

STEIN

Remember, he's lost his juice. Let's try and take her real quietly.

INT. MANDERS' KITCHEN - DAY

Andy and Charlie watch the cars from the window.

CHARLIE

They want to kill you, Daddy.

ANDY

What?

CHARLIE

They're supposed to kill you.

NORMA

What's going on here?

Norma and Irv Manders watch the approaching fleet of cars.

A HOUSEHOLD THERMOMETER is nailed to the kitchen wall. Manders is sweating.

CHARLIE

They want to do like they did to Mommy and take me away from you.

THE THERMOMETER: the mercury rises.

MANDERS

Is she doing that?

NORMA

Why's it so hot in here all of a sudden?

Andy holds Charlie by the shoulders.

ANDY

Charlie, it's too late to run.

CHARLIE

I'm real scared. I'm real angry, Daddy.

ANDY

You can stop them.

CHARLIE

But it's bad. You've always told me it's bad.

ANDY

Yes, it's bad. And you don't have to do a thing, if you don't want to.

CHARLIE

Will you still love me?

ANDY

I'll always love you no matter what.

Manders looks out the window.

MANDERS

They're pulling up. You want me to get my gun?

NORMA

Irv!!

CHARLIE

You won't need your gun.

EXT. MANDERS' FARM - DAY

Al Stein gets out of the lead car. Four other cars are lined up in back of him. No one else gets out.

Andy and Manders stand on the porch. In back of them, Norma has her arms around Charlie's shoulders.

STEIN

Hi, Andy.

Charlie wrestles herself from Norma's protection.

STEIN

(continuing)

Hi, Charlie.

She stands next to her father.

CHARLIE

Go away.

STEIN

You've led us on a merry chase.
You don't have to run any...

CHARLIE

(building)

Get out.

STEIN

Sorry, I can't. Orders. How's your head feeling, Andy? A little rest might do you...

CHARLIE

You better leave...

Several of the other Government Men get out of their cars.

ANDY
I'd advise you to do as my daughter
says. You know why she's wanted.

O.J., Baxter, Mayo and Bates watch the scene with intensity,
waiting for a signal from Stein.

STEIN
If we could just discuss this.
Honestly, why not get into the car...

ANDY
We know what's going on.

CHARLIE
You want to kill my father.

STEIN
Now, that's not true.

Men from the last two cars fan out peripherally.

Charlie and Andy watch.

CHARLIE
Don't make me do anything.

STEIN
That's exactly how I feel, Charlie.
Please cooperate.

ANDY
No use, Charlie.

Manders steps in front of Charlie and Andy.

MANDERS
You people are from this D.S.I.
bunch, aren't you?

Stein glares at Andy, very disappointed in him.

STEIN
You do people a grave disservice
by talking too much, Andy.

MANDERS
Any of you regular police?

Several men inch toward the side of the porch.

STEIN

We are government agents, sir. These two are wanted for questioning. Nothing more.

MANDERS

Then you get a cop with a warrant. Until then you're trespassing.

STEIN

(impatient)

We don't need a warrant, sir. We don't mean you any harm...

CHARLIE

That's a lie, Mr. Manders! Now they want to kill you too! I can tell.

The Government Men form a semi-circle. Norma is frightened by the advancing men.

NORMA

Irv. Come on inside.

ANDY

Do what she says, Irv.

MANDERS

What the hell is this, Nazi Germany?!

ANDY

You fellas better beat it. You don't understand what can happen.

STEIN

If we could only talk this out.

ANDY

Like you did with my wife.

MANDERS

Look out.

Two Agents jump the railing of the porch.

AGENT

Freeze. Hands over your heads.

Other Government Men move toward the porch.

CHARLIE

eyes wide open, watches the two men approach her father with handcuffs. Their hair BURSTS into flames, their eyes blister.

One of the men, reaching for his hair, manages to fire a shot.

The bullet hits Manders in the neck, knocking him back into the doorway. Norma runs to cover him, pulling him inside.

STEIN

Hold your fire. Not the girl.

CHARLIE

surveys the scene. The men with the scorched scalps try to extinguish the flames by rubbing their heads in the dirt.

ANDY

wrestling with several men. They have him collared.

AL STEIN

in Charlie's gaze. For a moment he seems to have things going his way.

STEIN

Andy, now call her off, and let's put an end to this...

Stein starts to sweat under Charlie's scrutiny.

STEIN

(continuing)

No. Don't. Please...

Stein's clothes disintegrate. His skin expands like a giant membranous bubble. He turns into a total body blister.

He pops, spewing body fluids like a broken water balloon.

A dehydrated skeleton remains. Mayo, covered with Stein's liquid, recoils.

THE AGENTS HOLDING ANDY

are in shock. They let go of him and start to back away from Charlie.

ANDY

Leave. She's never done this before.
I don't know if I can stop her.

CHARLIE

I'm all right, Daddy.

The men start to run toward their cars.

LINE OF GOVERNMENT CARS

Several of the men hastily enter. Start the engines.

LAST CAR

explodes from the gas tank, blowing away the approaching Agents.

OTHER CARS

Agents jump out of the cars, as they explode, one right after the other.

ANDY

Charlie! Stop!

She's looking at the running men, and sees: Ralph Baxter.

He runs in the direction of the:

TREE STUMP CHOPPING BLOCK

The axe handle is on fire. The axe blade glows white hot and spins off the tree stump. It is airborne like a 15-pound molten bullet which flies towards Baxter.

There is an instant when he sees the missile coming; there is an instant when he realizes that he has been cut in half by the burning axe blade.

ANDY

Stop. Enough.

CHARLIE

I can't.

A CHICKEN

running in the yard. Explodes.

A GUN

lying near a burnt Agent fires. It spins like a flywheel as the bullets discharge.

A bullet narrowly misses Charlie and Andy.

ANDY

Push it toward the water.

CHARLIE

There isn't any. I'm scared.
I can't stop.

Andy slaps her. Charlie is dazed.

ANDY

She stares at her father.

ANDY

Charlie. No. It's me...

She's confused; nevertheless, Andy starts to sweat.
His hands shield his eyes.

JOHN MAYO

lying on the ground, his scalp and one eye are covered by a purple welt. Taking aim with his good eye, he levels his gun at Charlie.

A SHOTGUN BLAST

dusts John Mayo.

NORMA MANDERS

stands on the porch with a smoking .12 gauge.

CHARLIE

still fixed on Andy, staggers. The spell broken.

CHARLIE

Daadeeee...

He sweeps her up into his arms.

ANDY

Baby...

She has fainted dead out.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

O.J. and Norville Bates run through the trees. O.J. falls, wrenching his ankle.

Up again, running, away from the little girl.

SOUND

of an explosion. O.J. and Bates keep running, not looking back.

EXT. MANDERS FARM

Propane tank explodes.

The Victorian farmhouse is a torch. The burnt cars are engulfed in flames. Charred bones are scattered.

THE SHED

far from the burning house, has not caught fire. Norma Manders, numb, expressionless, kneels beside her husband's body, cradling his head. Her gun nearby.

Andy backs out of the shed in a four-wheel drive jeep. Charlie, in a daze, sits in the passenger seat.

Norma, absently, surveys the remains of her property.

NORMA

There's no human being should be
able to do what she can do...

ANDY

She had no say in what she can do.

Charlie turns and sees the carnage. She stops at Manders' body. Norma covers him with her sweater.

CHARLIE

I did that, didn't I? Help me.
Please help . . .

ANDY

It's over now, hon.

CHARLIE

I'm bad. I shouldn't be alive.

He holds her.

CHARLIE

(continuing)

I couldn't control it. I killed
people.

ANDY

I understand, Charlie . . .

CHARLIE

I killed Mr. Manders.

ANDY

No, you didn't. They killed him.

NORMA

(still vacantly)

You killed him. Might as well have
pulled the trigger.

CHARLIE

(crying)

I'm sorry. I'm soooo. . . .

NORMA

Get out.

ANDY

You better come with us.

Norma stares at the burning house.

ANDY

(continued)

They're going to come for you!

No reaction.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

O.J. and Bates stand in front of a FIRE TRUCK in the middle of the private road that leads to Manders' Farm. O.J. looks beat to shit.

Plumes of smoke rise in the background. THE DRIVER of the fire truck BLASTS his HORN.

O.J. gives the men in the fire truck "the finger," while Bates displays his Federal Badge.

THE FIRE CHIEF runs toward O.J. from his RED SEDAN which is stalled in back of the truck.

FIRE CHIEF

You have no right. Make way.

O.J. places his .45 directly into the face of the Fire Chief.

O.J.

This area is classified. National security. You can let the fire burn itself out and control the periphery. Get it?

The Fire Chief somehow gets it.

Bates climbs into the cab of the fire truck. He grabs the radio microphone.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - DUSK

Andy and Charlie are bouncing in the jeep, traveling up a steep incline. The road is barely wide enough to accommodate the wheel base. Charlie sits silent, catatonic.

The jeep makes it over the crest. A fallen pine branch blocks the path of the jeep. Andy gets out to remove the branch.

EXT. MANDERS FARM - DUSK

Norville Bates drives the Fire Chief's red sedan up to the still smoldering farm. Only O.J. is with him. They stop at the shed. O.J. reaches inside his jacket.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROADS - EVENING

The Manders' jeep bumps along, its engine snarling, its tires fighting against the jagged dirt. Charlie still stares ahead, expressionless.

EXT. MANDERS' FARM - EVENING

Almost entirely razed to the ground. Firemen carry a covered body out of the charred house. A second body follows. O.J. stands nearby speaking into his walkie-talkie.

EXT. HIGHWAY 22 - NIGHT

Andy peeks around and then pulls off onto the paved highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 22 - LATE NIGHT

Several police cars operate a road block. D.S.I. employee Norville Bates is with them. He looks at his watch. He speaks into his walkie-talkie.

BATES

O.J.? Anything your end yet?

O.J.'S VOICE (V.O.)

Nada.

EXT. SHADY COVERING OFF HIGHWAY - DAY

Andy and Charlie nap in the jeep. The SOUNDS of searching CHOPPERS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Raining. Hard. They pass a sign: "Woodstock, New York. 23 miles."

Andy pulls off the highway and onto another slushy, unpaved trail. He winds around, coming to a stop at an iron gate. Sign: "Private property! No trespassing." He pulls the jeep off into the woods, hiding it behind a clump of bushes and trees.

ANDY

Come on, hon.

They get out into the rain. He puts his jacket over her.

CHARLIE

Is it far, Dad?

ANDY

(frowning)

Fraid so. About an hour. Can
you make it?

CHARLIE

(shrugs)

I'm starved.

ANDY

Me too, hon.

He grabs a crowbar and a roll of ragged canvas from the jeep.
He covers them both with the canvas.

EXT. SOGGY DIRT TRAIL - NIGHT

They make their way through the misery. The rain turns to wet snow.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

He is carrying her now. Just up ahead is a clump of cottages by
a large pond. The cottages are spaced a good hundred yards
apart. No lights. No sign of inhabitants.

Exhausted, he sets Charlie down on the porch of the nearest one.
He jams the crowbar into the front door and begins prying it apart.

CHARLIE

What if somebody's home, Dad?

ANDY

Nobody lives around here this time
of year.

CHARLIE

How'd you find this place?

ANDY

Your Mom and I went to a big rock
concert years ago not far from here.
We camped out here on our way back.

A pair of HEAD LIGHTS, beaming through the rain and snow, turns
their attention.

A big four wheel vehicle pulls up. "Tashmore Pound Constabulary" is painted on its side. A raincoated CONSTABLE steps out holding a rifle and shining a big flashlight.

CONSTABLE.

What in hell you doin'?

Andy notices the name plate to the side of the door. "The Norman Grainers." He then fixes a strong gaze on the Constable.

ANDY

Norman Grainer's rented us his cabin.

A beat as the Constable stares. Andy continues, the pain reverberating through his skull.

ANDY

Norman wants us in his cabin. And Norman wants no one to know that we're here. Not a soul needs to know we're here.

The Constable glares. He keeps his gun leveled and approaches. He climbs the porch. Andy backs off. Charlie is frightened. The man looks them over and then pulls out his key ring and opens the door. He unattaches the key and hands it to Andy.

CONSTABLE

You'll be needing this.

Andy nods a relieved thank you.

CONSTABLE

(continuing)

Norman's been dead a couple of years now... but I guess he knows best.

He turns and marches back for his vehicle, singing a phrase here and there.

CONSTABLE

(continuing)

...'fools rush in, where angels fear to tread'...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Pitch black. Tries the switch. No power. He tries a match. Finds an old piece of newspaper. Lights it. The cabin is a good size. Tidy. Doesn't seem to have been used much lately. He and Charlie stand shivering. He finds a lantern. Tries to light it. No go.

ANDY
Damn. Oil's dried up.

He tosses the flaming paper into the fireplace.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Andy comes in from the outside and lays a bundle of wet logs near the fireplace.

LINEN CLOSET

Blankets, sheets, towels, etc.

ANDY
The luck of the Irish.

CHARLIE
We're not Irish.

He begins drying her hair with a towel in the dim light.

ANDY
Today we're Irish, Squirt. Now
start getting out of those wet
clothes.

CHARLIE

bundled up but still cold, lies on the couch watching her Dad try to get the fireplace going, the wet logs making it difficult. Weak, hurting, shivering, almost ready to pass out, he gives up. He turns to her, forcing a smile, trying not to let on how bad off he is.

ANDY
We'll just have to snuggle up real
close together, dork.

He wobbles forward and stumbles into the couch beside her. He is almost immediately out. She looks upon him.

CHARLIE
Dad?

ANDY
Shhhhhhhh, hon...

She sits up. A beat as she ponders the darkness of the cabin; the blackness of the fireplace.

POOF. The fireplace crackles with flame. Charlie gets up.

KITCHEN

Charlie passes through. On the table is a candle. Its wick lights.

Holding the candle she enters the pantry. Several canned goods on the shelves. She crinkles her nose and selects one.

Fighting with a can opener, she finally gets the lid off. She pours the contents into a pot on the stove. She turns on the gas. Nothing. She shrugs. Within a second the soup starts to boil.

The soup is being poured into two newly found bowls. She tastes. Not bad.

COUCH

She nudges her dad. She shoves soup under his nose. He sniffs; his eyes open.

CHARLIE

Tomato. Dork.

EXT. DAY

The porch of another cabin. It is snowing. Andy jimmies the lock. He and Charlie enter.

INT. SECOND CABIN - DAY

Andy is loading goods into paper bags. Canned goods, etc. A pair of skis and a fishing pole are leaned against a table.

Coming down the stairs, Charlie has retrieved some reading material from the upstairs: Winnie the Pooh, Charlotte's Web, some comics.

Rummaging through a cupboard, Andy finds a mason jar of money. Coins and some cash.

CHARLIE

Stealing again. Aren't we? Personal things this time. Probably from nice people.

He kneels down next to her.

ANDY

Borrowing, honey. Let's call it borrowing this time. When we leave this place we'll put back everything we've borrowed.

CHARLIE

(brightening)

Then we should make a list. So we'll remember exactly what to give back.

ANDY

A list?

CHARLIE AND ANDY

sit at the kitchen table. All the "borrowed" items have been unpacked and litter the area. She writes down the items as Andy wearily calls them out.

ANDY

...three cans of pork and beans...

EXT. POND - DAY

Frozen over. Beautiful. Snow-covered pines. White sky. Andy has cut a hole in the ice and watches as Charlie fishes. She's got a bite and squeals. Surprised, he rushed over, slips, falls. She is jumping up and down. He slips again, finally reaches her, helps her pull it out. It's a trout, flip-flopping all over the ice. She laughs with glee.

Trying to unhook it, he falls again, bumping into Charlie and sends both of them sliding towards the hole. The two of them splash in up to their rumps. Charlie howls from the freezing water.

CHARLIE

You uncoordinated spazmo! Heeeelp!

Andy pulls them out.

INT. CABIN

The trout is frying in a pan.

Charlie glowers at her dad, as he takes the thermometer out of her mouth.

ANDY
Trout's almost ready.

CHARLIE
(sniffles)
You eat it., You're such a klutz,
I'm surprised you didn't fall in
the pan with it.

EXT. POND - DAY

Andy skims along the flat surface on cross-country skis.

EXT. THE TOWN OF BRADFORD - DAY

An extremely small town. Andy sticks his skis into the shoveled snow in front of the Bradford General Store and enters.

INT. STORE

Several OLD TIMERS sit around an old-fashioned pot-bellied stove shooting the bull. Their eyes occasionally shift to the stranger who buys provisions at the counter. Andy tries to remain as unassuming as possible.

The store PROPRIETOR is piling up a bundle of clothing.

PROPRIETOR
That was an extra small long johns,
you said?

Andy nods. The Proprietor goes over a list.

PROPRIETOR
(continuing)
Well... that'll about do ya... got
your aspirins, vitamins... your
fruits, vegetables...

Andy digs into his pocket for his change and cash.

PROPRIETOR
(continuing)
Livin' anywhere close by?

ANDY
No. Staying with some friends way
over in Northrope. Great country for
cross country skiing.

PROPRIETOR
Yeah. Northrope and back. Quite a workout.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Andy sits at a table, an open book before him. Charlie stands grumbling about the boys' jockey shorts she's just tried on.

CHARLIE
...How do you expect me to wear these?!

ANDY
They don't have any girlie undies up here, Mademoiselle De La Dork. This is rugged country.

CHARLIE
You know how dumb I look in these??

ANDY
About as dumb as it gets. Now stow it with the griping.
(refers to book)
Give me 9 times 6?

CHARLIE
Like to see you in a bra.

ANDY
I said cut it. What's 9 times 6?

CHARLIE
Ah... fifty... fifty... four?

ANDY
7 times 4?

EXT. CABIN PORCH - DUSK

Andy approaches with a freshly cut pine tree.

INT. CABIN - DUSK

He and the tree enter. He freezes in fear. Smoke billows from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

He rushes in. Smoke gushes from the open oven, filling the room. Charlie coughs, tears forming in her eyes as she stands before the sloppy, ill-formed and burnt disaster of a cake she had been trying to bake. Andy exhales with relief.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The two of them are trimming the tree. Bits of colored string. Pine cones. Christmas carols play from the portable radio. Andy has a glass of wine in his hand and is more than a bit tipsy.

ANDY

Present time.

Andy hands her one of the two gifts from under the tree. She opens it. A necklace. A strip of yellow string attached to a tiny wooden horse.

CHARLIE

Awwwww...

He helps her put it on. She hands him the other gift.

CHARLIE

Yours.

He unwraps. The pair of boys' jockey shorts. She giggles. He joins her. He turns up the carols on the radio.

CHARLIE

(continuing)

No more of that stuff.

She switches to rock and roll. She begins to dance. He joins her, putting the shorts over his head.

CHARLIE

(continuing)

They don't do that dance any more.
Watch me.

She demonstrates a new dance. He learns it. They dance around the room.

INT. CABIN

Andy sits before the dining room table writing. There are several envelopes in front of him. Charlie is nearby, laboriously reading one of the completed letters. Finishing, she looks up.

CHARLIE

You going to mail these?

ANDY

Tomorrow.

CHARLIE

Why can't we just stay here? It's...
It's been so good... so fun...

ANDY

Winter's almost over, Charlie. People
will be coming back. We can't stay.

Charlie ruefully understands. She refers to the letters.

CHARLIE

(referring to
letters)

What will happen?

ANDY

I don't know. All I can hope is
if the story gets out, those people
will have to leave us alone.

CHARLIE

You and Mommy should have done this
before.

ANDY

You're right.

CHARLIE

Why didn't you?

ANDY

You know those things called premonitions
that you and I sometimes get?

(she nods)

Well, for a long time I had a feeling
that something bad would happen... if
I did something like this.

CHARLIE

(hopefully)

And now that feeling's gone?

Andy regards her, unsmiling. A beat.

ANDY

I just feel that we can't go on living
like this any more.

She knows he is right.

CHARLIE

If the bad men take us away -- we
can still stay together, can't we,
Daddy?

He does his best to sound confident.

ANDY

Of course.

CHARLIE

Then that's all I care about. And
no matter what, I'm not going to
make any more fires.

ANDY

(smiles)

All right.

(beat)

Who was the 3rd President of the
United States?

CHARLIE

Thomas Jefferson.

He tousles her hair.

EXT. BRADFORD GENERAL STORE - DAY

Leaving his skis stuck in the now melting snow, Andy enters
holding several letters.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The Old Timers continue their daily vigil around the pot-bellied
stove. Andy nods to them as he makes his way to the Proprietor
behind the counter.

ANDY

Morning, gentlemen.

They greet him with dips of their pipes and "Howdys."

PROPRIETOR

Mawnin' to you. Get you anything?

ANDY

You sell stamps, don't you?

PROPRIETOR
Gov'ment trusts me that far.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Andy exits and makes way for the lone town mail box.

INT. STORE

One of the Old Timers taps his pipe against the stove and offers:

OLD TIMER
Off he goes, again.

The Proprietor, standing by the window, lazily rocks on his feet as he watches Andy deposit his letters.

PROPRIETOR
Civil enough fella.

That seems to close the subject. Talk turns to other matters amongst the circle of men.

The Proprietor casually saunters back behind the counter and continues deeper into the rear of his store, stopping by his phone. He refers to one of the several numbers taped above it and dials.

EXT. BRADFORD - DAY

A crusty old POSTMAN empties the contents of the mailbox into his mail bag, slings it over his shoulder and hops back into his small truck. He putters off.

EXT. ROAD FROM BRADFORD - DAY

The postal truck slows down. A beige Chevrolet is blocking the narrow two-lane highway just up ahead. The Postman parks by a snow bank. Shop Agents O.J. and Norville Bates slide out of the Chevrolet and approach the truck.

They show the Postman I.D. Converse. The Postman seems to give a slight, incredulous laugh and shakes his head "no."

EXT./INT. POSTAL TRUCK - DAY

O.J. looks in his usual foul mood. Norville is the more diplomatic of the two.

BATES
...If you doubt who we say we are...

POSTMAN
It ain't that. Ain't that at all.
But what I got here is the mail.
The U.S. mail. You guys must
understand that.

O.J., disgusted, opens his coat, displaying his favorite
over-sized weapon.

O.J.
Look, you hick son of a bitch. You
want me to go and pull this out.

Shocked, the Postman stammers.

POSTMAN
You know the penalty for robbing the
U.S. mail?

O.J.
Quit fucking around and give us the
goddamn bag.

He shoves the Postman roughly, reaches in behind him and pulls
out the bag. O.J. rifles through the dozen or so letters.
Norvillu rebukes him.

BATES
Go easy, you idiot.

POSTMAN
(afraid, angry,
ashamed)
You're... going to hear about this...
you'll see...!

O.J.
Here they are.

O.J. has found the half a dozen letters. He pockets them.

POSTMAN
You'll hear about this, all right!

O.J. slams the mail bag to the dirty, slushy road.

O.J.
Shut the whining mouth, you old woman!

Norville turns to O.J. and commands evenly, severely. He is a much more intimidating figure than his partner.

BATES

Pick that bag up, asshole, and hand it back to the man.

(O.J. glares)

He is a U.S. Postman. And this is the U.S. mail.

A beat. O.J. scoops up the mail bag, tosses it into the back seat of the truck and makes off for the Chevy. Norville addresses the Postman.

BATES

Sir, I would advise you to speak to your Postmaster before anyone else. There could be the matter of your pension involved.

He turns and follows O.J.

INT. HOSPITAL-LIKE CUBICLE - DAY

CLOSE ON a female hand on a man's wrist, taking his pulse.

PULL BACK. Padded walls. The man lying in bed is Constable ELLIS. The man who had the encounter with Andy and Charlie on the first night at the cabin. Dr. Rahv lets go of his wrist. Pynchot is also present. Rahv smiles.

RAHV

You've been feeling much better the past month, haven't you, Mr. Ellis?

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Ask Norman. He'll know best. Dead as he is -- he'll know what's best.

PYNCHOT

We know what's best too, Mr. Ellis.

INT. CAP'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a series of photographs, as Cap shuffles through them. Long lens shots of the McGees' cabin. One of Charlie building a snowman. Another of Andy skiing across the frozen lake.

The pictures are tossed on the desk in favor of several letters. Browsing through, the addresses read: New York Times, Washington Post, Rolling Stone Magazine, etc.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Andy is packing. Charlie sourly watches on.

ANDY

Because we should have heard something by now.

CHARLIE

Where we going to go?

ANDY

Try and hitch to New York. See if we can get to a newspaper.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Bundled up, they stand on the porch. Andy carries two duffle bags. They look around. Calm. Snow melting. The ice on the pond breaking up. Birds.

Andy bends down, smiles, gives her a kiss. They step off the porch. Several strides behind her father, Charlie turns around and waves.

CHARLIE

Bye Cabin. Bye Pond. Bye pine tre...

A GURGLING from her voice. Andy turns around. Charlie reaches out to him. A confused, terrified little face. A thin trickle of blood drips from a small needle in her neck. She stumbles and passes out in his arms. Andy, enraged, flashes a look out into the emptiness.

ANDY

Who did this? Where are you bastards?!

PHHHHHIT! He looks down. Another needle has pierced his thigh. He screams out.

ANDY

(continuing)

YOU BASTARDS!

His knees buckle. He falls. He is out. A long beat.

Dr. Rahv steps out from behind a tree. She approaches cautiously. Two other men appear from behind cover. They carry special, odd-looking rifles. Three others stealthily show their faces. All keep their distance, except for Rahv who kneels down by the fallen father and daughter and gingerly examines.

PULL BACK. WAY BACK. High, up and over a ridge of ice, snow, and pines. Some 75 yards from the cabin, a hidden BATTALION. Men, armored vehicles, artillery, tanks, ambulances, fire trucks.

Rahv stands and waves to them.

RAHV
Come on. It's safe.

O.J. and Norville Bates are with the far-off battalion. O.J. calls back nervously.

O.J.
You sure?!

RAHV
I'm sure!

O.J.
You're sure you're sure?

RAHV
Yes. Damn it!

SUPERIMPOSE:

"THREE MONTHS LATER"

INT. D.S.I. COMPOUND - CHARLIE'S QUARTERS

The habitat is well appointed with "things": a large television and stereo wall unit, a doll's house, various dolls, stuffed animals; it's Architectural Digest's version of a child's condo.

What is most unusual about her room is that a large one-way mirror panels an entire wall. Along with TV cameras which watch her.

A luncheon tray is covered on a table. Charlie sits at a desk, and across from her is Dr. Rahv. An arithmetic book, paper and pencil are open.

CHARLIE
Long division sucks.

RAHV
That's no way to talk.

CHARLIE
Why can't I just use a calculator?
I bet other kids use them.

RAHV
There'll be plenty of time for
calculators in high school.

CHARLIE
High school?

RAHV
High school, college, grad school,
career, marriage . . . Something
like that.

CHARLIE
Not goin' to high school . . .

RAHV
Charlie.

CHARLIE
Not goin'. . .

LOUD BUZZING SOUND.

They both look toward the door. It has no handles. A beat. The door slides open, like a pneumatic gate. Pynchot comes in.

PYNCHOT
Hi, Charlie. Hate to interrupt,
Mrs. Crowley.

Rahv and Charlie make eye contact. Pynchot is not a popular guy.

RAHV
We're not quite finished yet.

PYNCHOT
Sorry.

RAHV
I'll be back in the afternoon,
Charlie. Try and get through
Chapter Five.

Rahv leaves. Charlie looks away from Pynchot, and to her arithmetic book.

PYNCHOT

(notes her covered
food tray)

You haven't been eating enough lately.

CHARLIE

(indicates the
one-way mirror)

I don't like an audience.

PYNCHOT

You don't want us to have to start
the i.v. feeding again, do you?

She rubs the inside of her elbows.

CHARLIE

Leave me alone. I have homework.

PYNCHOT

We've been very patient with you.

CHARLIE

Never.

PYNCHOT

You let me run a few tests, I'll let
you see him.

(looks at a waste
basket)

If you light up that waste basket,
you'll be on your way to seeing
your Dad.

CHARLIE

(hard)

Give me a match.

PYNCHOT

You know, Charlie, your father doesn't
understand why you're not cooperating.
He thinks maybe you don't love him.

CHARLIE

(eyes welling with
tears)

Liar.

PYNCHOT

Poor Charlie. Stubborn as a mule.

CHARLIE

(starts to cry)

Get out.

INT. ANDY'S QUARTERS D.S.I. COMPOUND - DAY

Rev. Ernest Angley's birdlike form, saccharine smile and hermaphroditic voice are on the tube. CLICK.

Andy changes the channel. He lies in bed, a good 25 pounds heavier. The T.V. clicker in one hand and a beer in the other. He clicks again. Smiles. T.V. cameras have also been installed to watch his every move.

"Elvis, the Man and the Myth" is on. A bloated, red-faced Elvis leans into a song for a Vegas audience.

A LOUD BUZZ interrupts "the King's" version of "My Way."

A YOUNG MAN IN A LAB COAT brings Andy a pitcher of water and medicine on a tray.

ANDY

(looking at Elvis)

You're 15 seconds late, shit head.

LAB COAT

(sarcastic)

So sorry, Sir.

Andy reaches for the medicine and swigs it down with a beer. He toasts the electric eye embedded in the wall.

LAB COAT

(continuing)

Shouldn't that be taken with water?

ANDY

They don't teach you guys squat, do they? Beer is mostly water. 'It's the water that makes it good,' and all that crap. Don't you watch T.V.?

LAB COAT

Anything else?

ANDY

What's for dinner, shit head?

INT. LAB D.S.I. COMPOUND - DAY

CLOSE ON a pitcher of water, a fountain pen, and a grape Kool-Aid package being poured into a bottle labeled: INK.

ANDY (O.S.)

What's in it for me?

ANDY AND PYNCHOT

Andy slurs his speech ever so slightly from the effects of the tranquilizers.

PYNCHOT

You've expressed a desire to go outside.

ANDY

Tell me, Pynchot old buddy, do you remember the Hippocratic Oath, or were you absent that day?

PYNCHOT

It's beautiful outside this time of year.

ANDY

I'll try, but I've told you...

A MIDDLE AGED MAN

sits at a table with Andy. Andy pours him a glass of water from the pitcher next to the bottle labeled "Ink."

MAN

Thanks. This test makes me nervous. They didn't tell me nothing.

ANDY

No need to be nervous.

A beat.

ANDY

(continuing)

Why don't you have some ink in your water? Put some ink in your water.

The Man puts his glass down.

MAN

Put ink in my water. You must be crazy.

ANDY AND PYNCHOT

ANDY

For the tenth time, I pushed as hard as I could. Nothing happened.

PYNCHOT

I'm afraid I don't believe that. I guess you don't want outside as bad as you thought you did.

ANDY

Listen, there's something you should know . . . that guy was edgy, expecting something, and he wasn't that bright. Bright people are easier to push.

PYNCHOT

Then why don't you push me? I've got an I.Q. of 155.

ANDY

I've already tried. Zip.

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS - DAY

The sliding door opens. Rahv walks in. Charlie sits on her bed.

RAHV

No books today. Come on. I've got a surprise for you.

Rahv hands Charlie a pair of outrageous looking, Punk sunglasses.

CHARLIE

What are these for?

RAHV

You're going outside.

EXT. D.S.I. VIRGINIA COMPOUND - DAY

The rolling lawn dotted with flower beds between the two Southern mansions bakes in the bright summer sun. Several groups of SECRETARIES lunch on park benches.

NEARBY BRIDAL PATH

Charlie and Dr. Rahv walk towards the stable. Charlie is wide-eyed with the Southern horse farm. She holds the sunglasses in her hands. A GROOM works out a horse in the distance.

CHARLIE

Why did they let me out?

RAHV

Because I told them they had to. It's a sin to keep a little girl locked up like that. You need exercise, fresh air.

CHARLIE
Aren't they afraid?

RAHV
I told them I'd take responsibility.
And I trust you. You won't let me
down, will you?

STABLE

Charlie and Rahv stop by the stables. The groom, a young Black man, PETER DRABBLE, leads a horse by them.

DRABBLE
Afternoon, ladies . . .

RAHV
Hello.

Charlie is fascinated by the horse. Drabble has it tethered to the fence.

DRABBLE
Ever been in the saddle, young lady?

CHARLIE
Once, a long time ago . . . on
a pony.

Drabble grabs Charlie around the waist and swings her up into the saddle astride a shiny black stallion.

DRABBLE
Just sit easy.

Charlie is surprisingly comfortable on the horse. She pets his neck.

CHARLIE
What's his name?

DRABBLE
Necromancer.

Charlie looks around the Compound from the height of the horse, taking in the mansions, the stables, the duck pond, the electric fence, the guard tower. Rahv watches her.

RAHV
A regular National Velvet.

INT. ANDY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Andy, in boxer shorts, paces around the room. The place is a pit, littered with discarded socks, underwear, beer cans, and Playboy, Penthouse and New Yorker magazines.

Andy looks at a digital clock on his VCR. 8:15 P.M. He eyes an obvious electronic peep-hole and storms over to it.

ANDY

(into peep-hole)

Where the fuck is my eight o'clock
goddamn little blue and white mother
fucking capsule, you lazy bastards?

He throws a magazine.

ANDY

(continuing)

You guys getting tired of jerking off
watching me jerk off, or what?

He makes an obscene gesture.

ANDY

(continuing)

I want my medicine, and I want it now!

POV CONTROL ROOM - INFRA RED CAMERA

ANDY

(continuing, whining)

Please.

The Young Man in the Lab Coat watches him for a beat, gets up and fetches Andy's medicine tray.

LAB COAT

(into the monitor)

You sicken me, Pill Head.

Andy continues to stare into the peep-hole, deaf to his captor's sentiments.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

Charlie and Rahv are riding leisurely along a bridal path.

RAHV

You sure got quiet, Charlie. Don't you like to ride anymore?

CHARLIE

I love it. My mother used to take me to the park to ride the ponies. Sometimes we'd both get on a big horse and she'd let me hold the reins.

RAHV

That must have been fun. Was she a good rider?

CHARLIE

(quietly)

Pretty good.

(pause)

Not as good as you . . . but pretty good.

RAHV

Well, I love to ride. And now that I've convinced them you need to get out, we can do this alot.

CHARLIE

Can we?

RAHV

But we need to get you a good pair of boots.

A thought strikes Charlie. She gets very pensive.

CHARLIE

I won't do anything for them.

RAHV

Charlie, this doesn't have anything to do with what they want. This is just for us to share. It's all for you.

Charlie looks at her. Wanting to believe that she's got a friend.

INT. LAB - DAY

Pynchot leases a beagle to a chair. Andy looks on.

ANDY

What do you expect me to make it do?

PYNCHOT

Sleep.

ANDY

Ridiculous, even if I spoke Beaglese . . .
I've lost my ability to push.

PYNCHOT

Just try.

Andy watches as the beagle wets the leg of the chair.

ANDY

I had nothing to do with that.

A Lab Tech approaches the puddle with a mop.

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Rahv and Charlie are curled up together on Charlie's bed. Charlie has fallen asleep. Rahv reads from a book.

RAHV

(reading)

'The horse was free, she said.
Free to run, as far as it could
see. That's what horses do, she
said with a smile. That's what
horses do.'

Rahv looks at Charlie asleep. Slowly, quietly she eases out from under the little girl. Covers her with a blanket. Sets the book down on a night table.

Then Rahv turns and looks at the one-way mirror.

Her expression turns to cold, hard marble. She nods her head slowly.

Charlie's door opens. Rahv walks out.

INT. CONTROL ROOM CHARLIE'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

POV CHARLIE'S BEDROOM INFRARED CAMERA

She tosses and turns in her sleep. A TECHNICIAN at the control board watches the readout of a digital thermometer. The numbers flick... 80... 81... 82...

TECH

She's having a nightmare.

Rahv is dressed in a robe.

RAHV

Air conditioners on full blast?

TECH

Damn straight. It should be below zero in there.

RAHV

Well, we just might get some results.

Digital thermometer continues to flick up to a higher reading.

TECH

Must be one hell of a nightmare.
Somebody better wake her up.

RAHV

Wait. Just a few more seconds.

THE DOLL HOUSE explodes in flames. Smoke fills the room. The overhead sprinklers spray down on Charlie's bed. Steam rises. The alarm sounds.

Charlie bolts up in bed and "pushes" toward the sprinkler system, the steam-filled pipes burst in the walls, water pours into the room.

CHARLIE

Help me. Help. Please, help me!

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - LATER

Rahv, dressed in street clothes, sits next to Charlie on the couch. The room is drenched, the doll house is a heap of ash. There are scorch marks where the pipes stick out of the walls. They are alone.

CHARLIE

You didn't have to come.

RAHV
They called me. I wanted to.

CHARLIE
I said I'd never do it again.

RAHV
You couldn't help dreaming . . .

CHARLIE
You don't think I'm bad?

Rahv puts her arms around Charlie.

RAHV
No, Charlie, no. But sometimes when things build up, they just burst out . . .

CHARLIE
It's never happened like this.

RAHV
You need help, you need to be able to control it . . .

CHARLIE
Then . . . you think I should start fires?

RAHV
I'm not sure, but I think you should be able to use your power consciously, when you want to.

CHARLIE
I don't want to . . . it's like a wild thing.

RAHV
That's why you've got to get help, Charlie. You need to tame it.

CHARLIE
I promised my Dad.

RAHV
Your Dad didn't know it would build up like this, that you'd start fires in your sleep.

CHARLIE

Will my Dad think I'm doing the right thing?

RAHV

Honey, your safety is at stake. He wouldn't want you to hurt yourself.

CHARLIE

They said they'd let me see him if I did some tests.

RAHV

Then hold them to their promise.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Bland. Fairly good size. Wooden chips have been placed in a metal tray which sits on a wooden table. A six-foot observation glass is set in one of the four walls. Charlie, reluctant and angry, is near tears.

PYNCHOT

What's so wrong?

CHARLIE

Everything. Everything's wrong.

(crying now)

You don't listen. None of you ever listen . . .

PYNCHOT

Okay. Tell us how to fix it.

CHARLIE

If you'd listened, you'd know.

She tries to compose herself and indicates the wooden table, holding the plate and chips.

CHARLIE

(continuing)

That table's wood. And the clothes you guys are wearing are fla-flammable.

She points to a TECHNICIAN in a lab coat who presides over an electroencephalograph. He flinches.

CHARLIE

(continuing)

And I told you I have to push it towards water to stop it.

Pynchot makes for the door.

DR. PYNCHOT

All right, all right. We'll do it
just like you say.

CHARLIE

You better or you don't get nothing.

INT. ROOM - LATER

The tray of chips sits on a metal table. Pynchot and his uncomfortable-looking Technician are dressed in asbestos clothing. Charlie carefully examines a large tub of water not far from the chips.

CHARLIE

All right.

DR. PYNCHOT

Wonderful.

CHARLIE

Only you better go. I don't want to
have to look at you while I'm doing it.

(she glares at
him a beat)

Something funny might happen.

Pynchot's smile loosens a bit. He clears his throat.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Pynchot, grumbling, takes off his protective head gear. He, Rahv, Cap and several others watch through glass as the Technician inside hooks wires to Charlie's head.

A panel before them houses electronic equipment.

Pynchot flips on an intercom.

DR. PYNCHOT

Whenever you're ready, dear.

Charlie eyes the one-way mirror eerily, contemptuously. She then focuses on the chips.

INT. TEST ROOM/INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Charlie concentrates. The Technician with her begins to sweat.

The dials and gauges on the panel outside begin to quiver.

PANEL TECHNICIAN

Her alpha pattern's going fucking ape!

DR. RAHV

Temperature's just jumped 15 degrees...
...25 degrees.

Charlie lets loose.

The chips EXPLODE into flames. The metal tray flips and flies off, denting the wall. The table crumples to the ground.

The Technician inside screams and bolts out the door. Charlie whips her attention to the tub. The water boils. Steam clouds the window.

The alpha and temperature gauges begin to drop.

Stone silence in the observation room. Cap and Pynchot in awe. Rahv, a serene, incredulous smile. Cap turns away.

CAP

Mother of mercy.

Pynchot and the others peruse the data sheets. Rahv gazes into the almost unviewable steam-coated room. She adds dryly:

RAHV

We'd better send someone to fetch her.

(bewildered looks)

When our man departed he neglected to shut the door.

(beat)

Our little firestarter is roaming the halls unattended.

CAP

Well... couple you guys... go get her.

No volunteers. A beat. Cap grabs the two nearest.

CAP

(continuing)

Get going!

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ANDY'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

Rahv, Pynchot and Cap stand viewing the many T.V. monitors that keep track of every action in Andy's quarters. Andy takes the plates of his mostly finished meal into the kitchen. His gait unsteady.

PYNCHOT

Burnt out.

CAP

Still, maybe we should keep him
around as a sort of... fire
extinguisher.

Andy on a monitor sleepily scrapes his plate into the garbage
disposal.

RAHV

If it ever came to that -- he might
well end up becoming a flame thrower.

INT. LARGE ELONGATED ROOM - DAY

The room is being readied for another test.

VARIOUS ANGLES:

Heavy guage, tempered sheet steel is being hammered to the walls
and ceiling.

Video cameras are set in place.

An enormous cinder block is set at the far end of the room.

A huge tank of water is being filled next to it.

Outside the room in the observation area a computer terminal and
monitoring equipment are being installed.

INT. TEST ROOM AND OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY - INTERCUT

Charlie stands at one end of the test room, alone. Wires abound
from her skull, arms and neck. Men wheel in gigantic blocks
of ICE, and then leave.

Pynchot, Rahv, Cap and a horde of technicians are ready to begin.
Pynchot speaks through an intercom.

PYNCHOT

Okay, Charlie. And try not to hold back too much.

Charlie trains her attention on the cinder block.

CLOSE ON

a teleprompter which records the action. At the bottom of the film frame is a red digital temperature readout. The digits jump from 70 to 80... 95... 130.

The cinder block begins to smoke. Mortar and concrete jump upward like popcorn.

The gigantic blocks of ice begin melting in a rush.

RAHV

Kelvinators!

A hand pulls a switch on the console. The forty industrial size air conditioners within the test room rumble on. Digits: 450... 625...

The mortar holding the cinder blocks together begins to run like molasses. The blocks glow blue and yellow.

The T.V. cameras explode. The air conditioners the same. The sheet steel walls buckle.

The monitoring equipment is going wild. Panic on their faces. It has all happened too fast. The digital temperature readout is a blur.

Something akin to horror passes over Rahv's face as she watches Charlie. The young girl's eyes close in dreamy reverie. She smiles and swoons in ecstasy.

The cinder blocks crumble and then EXPLODE. Hysteria by the terminal.

DR. PYNCHOT

Cut it, Charlie! Stop it!

The sheet metal begins to tear from the wall. Charlie pushes it toward the steaming tank.

The digital readout immediately begins to slow down. Pulse rates return to normal. Sighs of relief. Not a whisper as they view the carnage.

Rahv. Pensive.

INT. CAP'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy, somnolent and numb looking, is ushered in by Dr. Pynchot. Cap rises from behind his desk.

DR. PYNCHOT

Andy, this is Captain Hollister.

Cap extends his hand.

CAP

Call me Cap, Andy. They tell me I'm in charge of this here rodeo.

Andy offers a dumb smile and shakes his hand. Cap gestures for them to be seated.

ANDY

Nice to see a new face.

CAP

You've been with us quite a while now, Andy.

ANDY

Doesn't seem that long.

(turns)

Been that long, Dr. Pynchot?

PYNCHOT

Yes, Andy.

CAP

These reports here tell me that your mental domination power is pretty much shot.

ANDY

Well, you people keep me stoned all the time.

CAP

I think you deserve a rest. We've got a beautiful little compound in Hawaii. You're going to be sent there next week.

PYNCHOT

Hawaii. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Andy?

ANDY

(smiles)

Hawaii. How's my daughter doing?

CAP

She's fine. She'll be joining you there real soon.

Cap reaches for the phone.

ANDY

Put that down.

Cap hesitates, then withdraws his hand. Pynchot, bewildered, turns to meet the suddenly very sober and vengeful eyes of Andrew McGee.

ANDY

(continuing)

Do you tape meetings in here?

CAP

No.

Alarmed, Pynchot is about to rise. Andy addresses him calmly but firmly.

ANDY

You have a touch of the flu. You will go straight home. You will speak to no one. There will be no need to answer your phone or your door.

Pynchot's eyes flutter. He sneezes, gets up from his seat and heads for the door. Cap dreamily waves to him.

CAP

Hope it's nothing too serious.

Pynchot blows his nose and exits. Cap turns back to Andy.

CAP

(continuing)

Used to tape everything. Had a Uher-5000. Like the one Nixon had.

(disturbed look)

Made them take it out a few months ago.

ANDY

Why?

CAP

(a litany)

No production. No production. No production. Replace the man at the top. No tapes. No scandal.

(MORE)

CAP (CONT'D)

(smiles)

But now everything's A-triple-A-Okay.

ANDY

What's changed?

CAP

You're a bust. But the little girl is starting fires.

Andy pales at this.

ANDY

How'd you get her to do it?

CAP

Combination of things. Dr. Rahv worked on her real good. And she thinks she's going to get to see you.

Bowing his head in anger, Andy utters the name he remembers well.

ANDY

Rahv.

(beat)

What else you going to do with her?

CAP

One more test then terminate. Rahv wants to do an autopsy. Put the little bugger's pituitary under the scope.

(Andy is sickened)

The girl's too damn dangerous. She's like the sun. Nuclear fusion. Mushroom clouds. Uncontrollable...

(suddenly shivers)

Snakes.

The intercom BUZZES.

ANDY

You'll be another ten minutes.

Cap depresses the intercom.

SECRETARY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Senator Thompson's aide is here, Cap.

CAP

I'll be here another ten minutes.

ANDY

Now, listen to me carefully...

Cap, gazing at his bag of golf clubs, jumps, quivers.

CAP

Did you see that?

ANDY

(hard; pain)

Listen to me!

INT. HALLWAY

Norville Bates and O.J. lead a lethargic-looking Andy back to his room.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM

Andy's lunch and pill are waiting for him on the dinette.

INT. HALLWAY

Bored as usual, the two Men monitoring Andy watch their teleprompters as their charge wolfs down his medication with a soft drink and begins to eat.

INT. SECURITY AND MONITORING AREA - OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S ROOM

Cap walks in briskly, and picks up a clipboard with a pen tied to it. Charlie can be seen through the large window, doing homework. One of the three MEN monitoring the room turns to Cap.

MAN

(surprised)

You going' in, Sir?

CAP

(signing clipboard)

'Bout time I said hello to our little firecracker. Don't you think?

He smiles at them, tips his cap, they BUZZ him through. He enters Charlie's compartment.

INT. ANDY'S COMPARTMENT

The kitchen. Andy groggily stands before the sink with the remains of his lunch. Two cameras stare down at him. He switches on the disposal.

CLOSE ON

his plate, as he scrapes the remnants into the disposal. A large CAPSULE OF THORAZINE, mixed in with the scraps, follows them down the hole.

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS

Charlie lies listlessly, morosely on her bed. Rahv enters.

RAHV

Hi there, sunshine.

Charlie looks over at her. She says nothing.

RAHV

(continuing)

Have you got your vocabulary ready?

Charlie sits up, turning away.

CHARLIE

Don't feel much like vocabulary today.

RAHV

What's wrong?

Charlie walks to her bathroom.

CHARLIE

Sorry, I don't feel like it today.

She closes the door. Rahv stands there for a moment.

INT. CHARLIE'S OBSERVATION AREA

Rahv is with Charlie's keepers.

MAN #1

...Watched a little T.V. Did some homework. Cap visited her for a few minutes. Then she took a longer than usual nap. Hardly touched her lunch...

RAHV
(very surprised)
Cap saw her?

INT. CAP'S OFFICE -- DAY

Cap, a slightly far-off expression, reclines, his feet on the desk. BUZZ. He answers the intercom.

SECRETARY'S VOICE (V.O.)
General Puckeridge, Cap.

He grabs the phone and grins into it.

CAP
Puck, you old bastard, who you
cheating on Milly with these days?
(laughter)
Listen, Puck, I want to move up that
Maui shipment from next Saturday to
tomorrow... Bullshit, you can move
mountains and you and I know it. Set
it to leave Andrews at 1400.. And send
us over a helicopter at one o'clock...
(suddenly worried; odd)
Do you have any cobras at Andrews,
Puck? or water moccasins?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Dr. Pynchot's Mercedes parks in his driveway. He gets out.

He stands by his front door fumbling for his keys. He carries several boxes marked "Saks Fifth Avenue." He coughs into his hankie before letting himself in.

INT. CAP'S OFFICE - DAY

Cap is putting golf balls into an old shoe. Rahv, highly disconcerted, is protesting.

RAHV
I can't leave tomorrow. We've got
the last of the girl's tests to do...

CAP
I rescheduled it. A most poisonous-
fanged-toothed flu bug bit our very
own Dr. Pynchot. He's flat on his back.

RAHV

Well, can't you send someone else?

CAP

That committee's on my ass. I want you to personally make our preliminary report on the McGee situation.

RAHV

We're not even ready to...

Cap jumps and flings his putter to the ground as if it had bit him. He rubs his hands on his pants and shudders, staring at the club.

CAP

Goddamn things.

Dr. Rahv gives him a queer look. He recovers and sits.

CAP

(continuing)

I should take a couple of days off myself. Go fishing or something.

INT. MONITORING AREA OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Rahv approaches one of the Men.

RAHV

Give me the videotapes for the last 24 hours.

INT. SMALL SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Rahv is intently watching the tape of Cap's meeting with Charlie. Cap, appearing in good humor, is sitting beside her on the bed.

CHARLIE

...What's the catch?

CAP

No catch.

CHARLIE

I thought I had more tests before I got to see my Dad.

CAP

You've been such a good and cooperative girl, we thought it was only fair.

Rahv is disturbed, bemused. A distant, odd look comes over Cap as he pauses.

CAP
(continuing)
Your dad plays a mean game of golf,
I hear.

Charlie doesn't know what he's talking about. He suddenly gets up.

CAP
(continuing)
Well, I'll be going now. But I'll
be seeing you, Charlie.

He moves for the door, then pauses.

CAP
(continuing)
Oh, I almost forgot.

He returns to her bed and hands her a folded piece of paper. Rahv leans in for a closer look.

CAP
(continuing)
And when you're out riding, watch
out for snakes.
(confidentially)
If a horse sees a snake he'll bolt.
Every time. He'll...

He breaks off as if distracted. Then pats her on the head and leaves. A moment after he has gone, Charlie unfolds the piece of paper and begins to read.

Rahv, quite disturbed, rewinds for another viewing.

INT. DR. PYNCHOT'S HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON the ringing telephone. A sassy Ella Fitzgerald record is heard in the background. A loud sneeze.

From the telephone to the record player to the living room.

Dr. Pynchot, occasionally dabbing his nose with Kleenex, is cha-chaing around the room. He is heavily made up. A blonde WIG is set on his head. He is naked but for a red bra, black panties, nylons with a garter and high-heeled shoes.

INT. RAHV'S OFFICE - DAY

Impatient, frustrated, Rahv hangs up the unanswered phone.

INT. RACHEL'S DESK - DAY

Rahv hovers over Cap's secretary, Rachel, as she types.

RAHV
Well, where did he go? This is urgent.

RACHEL
Something about fishing. He didn't
say where.

Rahv's features shift with unease. She hastens off.

INT. MAIN COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Rahv enters. She looks around. Empty. She depresses a button. The door electronically closes. Her behavior suggests she is not supposed to be here.

The computer is awesome in size. She takes a seat in front of the main monitor before a typewriter.

She begins typing. Her questions show up on the screen.

QUERY. ANY CHANGE OF PLANS RE:
C. MCGEE.

The computer answers.

NEGATIVE.

She thinks a moment.

REQUEST. CAPTAIN HOLLISTER'S
APPOINTMENT LOG PAST 48 HOURS.

A list of names pour out of the monitor until...

DR. HERMAN PYNCHOT
ANDREW MCGEE

She stops it. Holds on the last name. Pensive.

QUERY. POSSIBILITY A. MCGEE RETAIN
MENTAL DOMINATION FACTOR.
(the answer)
POSSIBILITY. 2%.

She sighs. Just as she expected.

REQUEST. CURRENT STATUS ANDREW MCGEE.
(answer)
MENTAL DOM NEGATIVE RESULTS. BEING
DISCHARGED AT REQUEST OF RESEARCH
PRINCIPALS. DEPART VIRGINIA FEB 4 AT
1300 HRS. DEPART ANDREWS AFB FEB 4 AT
1400 HRS. FLIGHT #62 DESTINATION - MAUI.
REFUEL CHICAGO.

Pause. Thinks. Types.

REQUEST. COMPLETE LIST OF PASSENGERS
FLIGHT #62 FOR MAUI.
(answer)
FIVE CREW MEMBERS.
ANDREW MCGEE.
CAPTAIN RICHARD HOLLISTER.

She blinks. Leans back in her chair. Staring, perplexed.

EXT. D.S.I. GROUNDS - DAY

Cap drives through the checkpoint.

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS - DAY

Charlie sits on her bed watching her clock: 12:15.

EXT. DR. PYNCHOT'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Dr. Rahv parks her car behind his.

Pynchot's porch. Rahv rings the doorbell and pounds on the door.

INT. PYNCHOT'S HOUSE

Pynchot, now in a brightly patterned summer dress, leans at her from behind a curtain unseen. He sniffs a nasal inhaler and giggles.

Irritated, Rahv storms back to her car.

INT. D.S.I. COMPOUND -- DAY

Moving briskly, Cap approaches his desk and picks up a pile of telexes, much to the surprise of his secretary.

RACHEL
Cap, I thought...

CAP
(shaking her off)
Fishing. You think there's just fish
in the water. A lot you know.

INT. CHARLIE'S QUARTERS

She has summoned one of her keepers. He is perspiring.

MAN #1
Charlie, it's not my place to give
you permission for something like that.
The room begins to heat up. Charlie stares him down.

CHARLIE
Well, call someone who can.
He loosens his collar.

MAN #1
Okay, okay, just calm down, Charlie.

INT. ANDY'S QUARTERS - DAY

Cap enters, smiling and twitching.

CAP
All set?
Andy looks ill. The left side of his face is puffy. One eye
droops. Dressed as he was before the capture, he hands Cap
one of his bags.

ANDY
Carry one of these, would you?

CAP
(shrill)
Have you checked them? Checked
them for adders... boas...

ANDY
(calm, modulated)
Take the bag, please.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

Charlie is escorted by Man #1, stopping at the stables.

CHARLIE

You can go now.

MAN #1

I can't do that, Charlie...

CHARLIE

(firm)

I said go.

Fearfully, he backs off and toward the compound. She enters the stables. Drabble is there, grooming one of the horses.

DRABBLE

Hey, Sugar, you a little early today, aren't you?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Can I see Necromancer?

INT. HALLWAY - COMPOUND

Andy and Cap walk along. People pass and nod. Andy nervously whispers to Cap.

ANDY

Think anyone'll check us?

CAP

Why should they? I'm in charge.
The big cheeze.

EXT. SECURITY GATE - DAY

Rahv drives through.

INT. COMPOUND - DAY

Andy and Cap reach the security desk. The YOUNG BALDING MAN reading from a book looks up.

CAP

Hello, Richard. Hitting the books?

RICHARD

(laughs)

More like they're hitting me.

He glances at Andy curiously. Cap slips his thumb into a slot. A BUZZ is heard, followed by a green light shining on Richard's console.

RICHARD

(continuing)

Destination?

CAP

Stable. We're going to pick up Andy's daughter and escape.

Andy quickly counters.

ANDY

Andrews Air Force Base.

A beat. The dull pain oozing into Andy's head.

RICHARD

Andrews AFB. Have a good day, gentlemen.

He jots it down into his book and BUZZES them through.

INT. CHARLIE'S MONITORING AREA - DAY

Rahv enters. One of the Men is surprised to see her.

MAN #2

Heard you weren't going to be here today, Doctor...

RAHV

Canceled my plans...

She notices Charlie's empty room. Alarmed.

RAHV

Where's the kid?

MAN #2

Stables.

RAHV

(anger)

She's not scheduled to go... Who the hell authorized that?

Cap. MAN #2

Cap? RAHV

INT. STABLE

Charlie is grooming Necromancer for the last time.

Honey! ANDY (O.S.)

Cap and Andy have just entered the stables. She runs to him, jumps in his arms, tears. He hugs her, smiling through the pain.

Cap twitches, surveying the stable floor. He addresses a mildly bewildered Drabble.

CAP
Everything okay in here?

INT. D.S.I. COMPOUND

Rahv is running full steam through the commissary toward O.J. and Norville Bates.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

High above the verdant landscape. Two Air Force PILOTS at the helm.

INT. D.S.I. COMPOUND - SECURITY DESK

Richard, the security guard behind the desk, is arguing with Norville Bates.

RICHARD
You've got no author...

Norville displays a hand gun. And makes his way around the desk.

BATES
I've got all the authorization I
need, you goddamn idiot!

Terrified, Richard, the gun at his temple, grapples with the combination dials. A hooting ALARM goes off. Norville grabs the mike.

BATES

Condition Bright Yellow. I say again,
Condition Bright Yellow. No drill...

INT./EXT. COMPOUND - DAY - VARIOUS ANGLES:

As the ALARM SOUNDS and Norville's voice blares over the speakers. Groundskeepers turning off their mowers. Doors to important rooms slide shut and lock. Cap's secretary Rachel produces a hand gun. Shop agents being dispensed weapons at the armory. The voltage on the outer fence BUZZES to its maximum. Dobermans, barking, leaping. Gates separating the compound from the outside slide shut and lock automatically. A truck just entering has its rear bumper torn off by a sliding gate.

BATES' VOICE (V.O.)

The girl's making a break for it.
Repeat. She's making a break.

INT. STABLES

Andy, Charlie and Drabble react. Cap is oblivious, fidgeting as he watches a green hose. He grabs a nearby rake.

INT. CHOPPER

The Pilot speaks into his mike.

PILOT

Sorry. Only General Puckeridge
or Captain Hollister can rescind
our order to land.

EXT. COMPOUND

O.J., carrying an automatic rifle, and Rahv on the run, nearing the stables. O.J. makes his way around, closer to the corral.

INT. STABLES

Over the alarm, they hear the distant SOUND of PROPELLER BLADES. Cap mumbles to himself, gripping the rake, eyeing the hose.

Charlie. RAHV

They turn. Charlie grabs hold of her father. There is venom in her voice.

You. CHARLIE

Rahv stands in the middle of the large stable entrance.

RAHV
Come back inside, Charlie. Your father's a very sick man. We want to help him.

ANDY
It's a lie, Charlie. They want to kill us.

RAHV
That's not true, Mr. McGee.

CHARLIE
I trusted you.

RAHV
What I did was for your own good.

CHARLIE
You tricked me.

RAHV
I cared for you. I still do.

ANDY
You bitch.

The Air Force chopper lands in the corral, fifty feet away.

ANDY
(continuing)
Come on, Cap.

RAHV
Charlie, you can't go.

CHARLIE
(meaning it)
Just don't try and stop us.

Andy grabs the disoriented, rake-toting, Cap and pulls him along, while clutching to Charlie.

OUTSIDE

the stables. O.J. takes aim and shoots both the Pilots in the helicopter. The plexiglass bubble shatters. The Pilots flop dead in their seats.

INSIDE

Andy flashes his eyes around for where the shots came from.

RAHV

It's no use. Don't try and hurt anybody, Charlie. They'll just hurt your daddy. You know how they can be.

CAP

Snaaaaaaaaaake!! Snaaaaaaaaake!!

Cap goes nuts, startling everyone. He begins hacking away at the green hose.

O.J. suddenly bounds out from behind a stall. Takes aim.

DRABBLE

Watch ou . . .

Drabble dives into Charlie and Andy, knocking them down. Drabble is hit several times. Rahv screams out.

RAHV

Below the neck! Shoot her below the neck!

Andy, covering Charlie's body, is hit. He SCREAMS.

ANDY

Shoot yourself, you goddamn bastard!

The firing stops. Andy pitches forward.

O.J. smiles comically, puts the barrel of the gun in his mouth and blows the back of his head out.

Cap, hacking away, screaming about snakes, runs past Rahv. Charlie, weeping, holds her bloodied father. She looks up at Rahv through vengeful tears. Then suddenly stoic.

A bale of hay bursts into flames behind Charlie. Then a wooden beam.

Rahv, terrified, backs up. Horses whinny.

RAHV

Charlie. No... Charlie...

Charlie clenches her teeth and pushes out. Rahv's body erupts into a fireball and is sent flying like a missile high into the air where it explodes some 200 feet above the compound grounds.

NORVILLE BATES

and two dozen armed men take notice of the exploding form as they advance on the stable. They halt.

Cap can be seen meandering toward them, smashing the grass with his rake.

INT. STABLE

Over the whinnying horses, and increasing fire, Charlie holds onto her father, crying.

CHARLIE

Daddy, Daddy... Look at this mess...

ANDY

Make it so they can never...

(coughs)

...never do anything like this again,
Charlie. Don't let them kill you...
Love you, Cha...

CHARLIE

Daddy...

He is dead.

EXT. COMPOUND

Norville holds his men a hundred yards from the stable. The flames are getting thicker.

BATES

No further. We wait till she comes out.

(into walkie talkie)

S.X. Unit 44! Where the hell are you guys?

EXT. VIRGINIA HIGHWAY - DAY

A small special forces unit; a caravan of thirty men, advance toward the Compound. Armored vehicles, three tanks, troop transports tugging artillery.

The Black uniformed COMMANDER answers Norville's call.

COMMANDER

...Three miles. Moving fast as we can.

EXT. COMPOUND

Nervous, edgy, Norville's men lie down, their weapons aimed.

A RUMBLING within the stable. The men tense. A huge billow of smoke and dust belches out of the entrance. The horses. A score or more come galloping out.

The men start firing, insanely. Horses stumble, trip, are catapulted to the ground. Neighing in pain. Cap is caught in the fire and hit.

BATES

Hold your fire, damn it!!

The shooting slowly subsides.

EXT. COMPOUND WINDOWS

D.S.I. employees stare towards the stable.

EXT. STABLE

From out of the cloud of white smoke and dust, Charlie appears, cantering to a stop astride Necromancer. Unprotected, out in the open. Her eyes still glistening with tears but savage, fearless.

The men are stunned for a moment. They just watch in disbelief.

Then a wave of heat passes through the air about them.

BATES

Fire!

Round after round is discharged. They fire furiously. The bullets never reach their target. They melt as if expunged by some invisible shield 20 yards in front of Charlie. The shooting slows. abates, Norville stands.

BATES

Holy shit.

Balls of fire materialize and race across the grass after the men. Panic. They sprint in retreat.

Several are engulfed. Screaming, running torches.

The outer walls of the two antebellum buildings begin to glow and wretch with fire.

THE ARMORED CARAVAN

pulls onto the Compound. At first confused by the mayhem, they then begin to disperse and set up.

Mortars, tanks, machine guns, bazookas are placed in position as men jump from their vehicles and prepare for battle.

Charlie whacks Necromancer and heads for them, passing the dead and dying horses. Norville, his clothing and hair singed, points them towards their target. Surprised, they comply.

The entire battery of fire power begins to blast away. The shells are deflected away from Charlie and explode or disintegrate to her left and right.

INT. COMPOUND

Hysteria. Fire alarms. Things catching fire.

EXT. COMPOUND

A tactical missile launcher, throttled by a lazer of heat, is torn up in flames. Three MEN go flying.

A tank's reporting cannon glows red and snaps off, spinning like a propeller blade and slicing the top off a troop transport. The tank's top pops, its screaming, smoking occupants scramble out.

Machine gunners are blown back by gale force winds of fire.

Men, machinery explode, burn, roaring in agony.

The Compound doors burst open. Employees pour out, heading for the gates.

The guard dogs, going mad, leap for the electrical fences and are shocked and thrown to the ground.

Charlie rides at a dead gallop through the screaming hordes of technicians, analysts, secretaries and commandos as they clamber to get away and off the grounds. The fence crackles, pops, melts.

INT. COMPOUND

Typewriters, computers liquifying like tallow. Other objects spinning, flying, crashing. Walls, ceilings dripping, caving in.

EXT. COMPOUND

Everything a rubble. Fires smolder everywhere. The countryside is blackened.

People fleeing far off into the charred landscape in every direction.

Charlie and Necromancer approach Norville Bates and the dozen bedraggled remains of the commandos, who are standing by what is left of the security gate. They look up at her in stunned, silent shock. Norville steps aside and motions. The men part, offering a pathway.

She and Necromancer step between them, and out onto the highway. They slowly move off.

THE END